

BOYS' LIFE

THE BOY SCOUTS' MAGAZINE

An
Out-of-Doors
Adventure Magazine
for Boys



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No. 9



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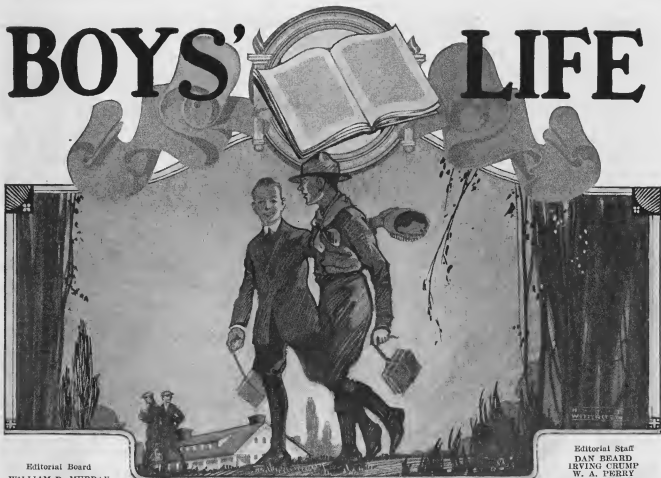
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IT is not in January that most of you start out new but in September. Vacation days are over with. You are back from camp, ready to begin the regular round of school and home life over again. It is not a bad plan to stop and take account of yourself and see where you stand in Scouting at this time. Was there any branch of scout activities you found you were not quite as well up on as you thought? Are you a little weak on bandages or inclined to blunder at semaphore signals? Then these are the things to which you should give some extra hours of practice. Do not be satisfied with doing things fairly well. Learn to do them as well as the best. Do not leave weak spots in your Scouting armor.

Camp life is a great eye opener. Ten to one you captured a brand new hobby this summer or got interested in some new phase of Scouting that you had not thought much about before. If you are a first class scout, you will want to start out at once on a new Merit Badge venture. Maybe it is photography. Maybe it is bird study. Maybe it is forestry. Whatever it is, get busy on it. Do not wait until your enthusiasm cools. Autumn is the time for good, hard work. Your body is rested and made over. Your mind is refreshed. The weather is cool and invigorating. There is nothing to prevent your going over the top in any direction you choose.

It is the time for new life and enthusiasm in the troop, too, as well as for the individual scout. Start out in September with the will to make your troop the best trained, most efficient, best spirited troop in town. If you have lost old mem-

Stick to School and Scouting

bers during the summer, or if some have had to become associate members, because they are going away to school or for other reasons, rally new boys to your standard. Troops change their personnel but Scouting goes on. And it is your business to see that it does go on in your troop.

When School Opens

WHEN school opens, be there if possible. Do not quit school for a job unless it is absolutely unavoidable. Last year we published a statement that every additional day spent in school means adding \$25.00 to your life's earnings. The point is significant enough to bear repeating. Every scout should think hard before he leaves school prematurely.

Incidentally, when you are back in school do not forget that you are a scout and that a scout does with a will whatever his particular job is, whether it is to solve an algebra problem or tussle with irregular French verbs—hopelessly irregular, too, some of them look and sound. Keep to the scout standard of thoroughness. Do your studying, on honor.

Speaking of French verbs, if you are well along in the language and would like to obtain some practical and interesting special experience, why not get into correspondence through the World Brotherhood of Boys with a French or Belgian scout? It would be a pleasant arrangement all around. Just now, with so many of our boys back from France, there is an unusual interest in the French language

(Concluded on page 51)

"De Bigges' Pile"

I

"Heah! Yo' Washin'ton Lincum Lee, what kin' ob boy yo' gittin ter be?
Sittin' thar, lik' yo's nufin ter do but watch 'at woodpile front ob you.
Spec' dem logs is guine ter say—'We's gain' ter split oursel's ter-day, jus' run erlong, if I boy, an' play.'

II

"Oh! 'Yer has done a lot, but it seems as tho' de res' keeps pillin' mo' an' mo'.
An' yer reckon, ef dey guine thataway ter ac', yo'll neber hab de time ter play.
'Sho, 'at's kase mos'ly all de while, yo' jus' 'keep watchin' de wrong heap, chile. Turn 'roun', an' look at de 'is done' pile.

III

"Ain' ah tole yer time 'n' ago, 'at when yer grows an' gits 'mong men,
Dey aint guine ter car' what yo' 'has ter do,' but dey'll sho wan' er know, what's 'been done' by you.
An' de mo' 'is done', yer has ter shou, de mo' dey's guine ter respect' yer so, an' point yer out wher'er yo' go.

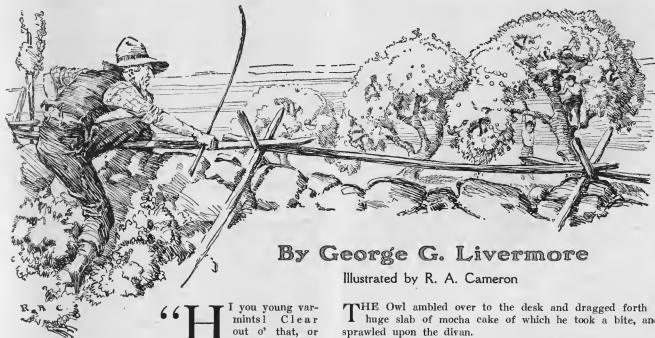
IV

"Fo' de man what shirks his wuk, ter fret 'bout his job wha' aint done yet,
Jus' as sho's yer a foot high, son, is de feller what neber gits nufin done.
An' nufin done means nufin ter eat, an' mos'ly holes in yer trousser seat, an' yer rated 'No Count' by all yo' meet.

V

"So—wheneber yo' has a task ter do, jus' 'member what Ah'm tellin' you,
In odah ter 'complish de 'tings yer should, yer mus' do lik' yo's choppin' 'at wood—
Don' fret 'bout what aint done, chile, keep pluggin' away an' in a while, de one what's DONE is de 'BIGGES' PILE.'"
CLARENCE ELMER

The Animal Gets Even



By George G. Livermore

Illustrated by R. A. Cameron

"H I you young varmints! Clear out o' that, or I'll have the law on ye," yelled Farmer Richards as he scrambled over the high stone wall, every hair in his goat like beard bristling with indignation, and strode toward an apple tree, in whose branches the Animal and the Owl were perched, blissfully munching the choicest of its crop.

"All right, Davy Crockett. Don't shoot, we'll come down," replied the Owl and, suiting the action to the word, he slid to the ground, the Animal following amid a shower of bark.

"I'll larn ye to meddle with other person's property, ye young rascals," cried the old man stepping forward brandishing a lithe switch.

"Aren't you a little hasty in your conclusions," asked the Animal sweetly, but as the old man continued to advance he turned and fled for the stone wall with the Owl one jump behind. Alas for the Animal! His foot stuck in a crack, and as he struggled wildly to escape the switch propelled by the still lusty arm of the old man fell with full force upon his unprotected rear.

"Flar!" exclaimed the farmer when satisfied he had exacted just punishment. "Now git, and don't come back, if you do I'll give you a worse tannin'."

"You big boob!" the Animal blurted, when the two boys had put a safe distance between themselves and the irate farmer. "Why didn't you do something?"

"How could I? He had the stick, I'd have got mine if I'd mixed in."

"And I suppose," the Animal interrupted wrathfully, "you'll tell this all over school. I'll be the joke of the place."

"Not a chance," replied the Owl. "The 'preps' are fresh enough as it is."

"Promise?"

"Yes."

That evening, as the Animal was wrestling with his Cicero, the Owl glided quietly into his room. "Got anything to eat?" he demanded, eyeing some cake crumbs on the arm of the Animal's chair.

The Animal hesitated.

"Come on," said the Owl, "trot it out, and I'll tell you how to get even with old Richards."

The Animal stirred gingerly on the pillow upon which he was sitting.

"What do you say?" queried the Owl with a grin as he caught sight of a bottle of arnica upon the mantel piece.

"In the top left hand drawer of the desk."

THE Owl ambled over to the desk and dragged forth a huge slab of mocha cake of which he took a bite, and sprawled upon the divan.

"Come on, I'm waiting," the Animal grumbled.

The Owl licked the last traces of the frosting from his fingers and, with a sigh of content, settled himself more comfortably among the pillows.

"Listen," he said, beaming through his thick spectacles.

"I'm listening," snapped the Animal, "Go on."

"I was in the postoffice tonight, after supper, and overheard Jake Pratt say he was going to help old Richards pick his apples Wednesday. It seems apples are scarcer than hens' teeth around here this fall, and the old man has six trees of those Baldwins. He's sold 'em for three dollars a barrel. They are a quarter of a mile from his house, and tomorrow night there's a full moon."

"I get your drift," said the Animal rising, and limping about the room. "Is the clan in on it?"

"With both feet, and say," the Owl continued, as he turned the matter over in his agile brain. "Slippery Elm has money. He got a check from home today. We'll hire a team of Lamb, drive right up the lane by those trees and clean up."

"And Halloween celebration is Saturday. We'll hide 'em, and, Oh Boy! won't we have some blow out!" ejaculated the Animal absent-mindedly, sitting down upon the wooden arm of his chair, only to rise with more haste than dignity.

"Not much," said the Owl, "we'll take 'em all right, but we'll return 'em all nicely packed in barrels. Put 'em on the old man's lawn some night, where he'll see 'em the first thing in the morning."

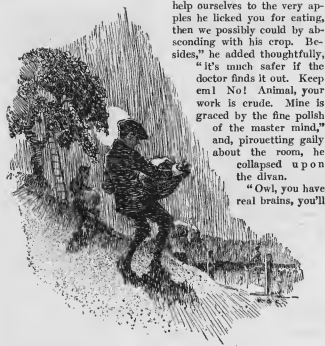
"Like fun we will," replied the Animal savagely. "What's the use of taking 'em if we don't keep 'em?"

The Owl sat up, and shaking a long bony forefinger at his chum, said mournfully: "Animal, I despair of you: When you sold that radiator to Onion Peters, I had hopes of your eventually acquiring the finesse so necessary to real diplomacy. I am woefully disillusioned."

"Stow that stuff," retorted the Animal, "and tell me, what's the grand idea of doing all Richard's work for him for nothing?"

The Owl swung his long legs onto the floor, and sitting on the edge of the divan stared hard at his companion.

"STRAIN your childish mind a bit if necessary," he replied; "but see if in time your reenforced head will not absorb the glittering fact that by returning good for evil we will astonish our ancient bucolic friend far more, especially when he finds out that his wife gave me permission to



They carried the sacks to the wagon where the Animal sat

help ourselves to the very apples he licked up for eating, then we possibly could by absconding with his crop. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "it's much safer if the doctor finds it out. Keep em! No! Animal, your work is crude. Mine is graced by the fine polish of the master mind," and, pirouetting gaily about the room, he collapsed upon the divan.

"Owl, you have real brains, you'll

be president some day or hung. Won't Lamb tell though?"

"No, he don't like Richards. Remember the row they had over that pasture land last year?"

"Everything will be all right?"

"Leave it to me."

"All right. Only you've got to make good."

"Will you be able to attend?" inquired the Owl sweetly.

"Will I! I'll go if it kills me," replied the Animal, disappearing into his bedroom clutching the arnica bottle.

THE next night at ten o'clock the clan assembled stealthily in the lane behind the Congo church.

Ten minutes later a light wagon approached, the hoofs of the horses clop-clopping on the soft dirt.

"That you, Owl?" called Slippery Elm in a subdued voice.

"Yep. Whoa there, Jehosaphat. All here?"

"All but the Clown, he's late as usual."

"Unwarranted slander," piped a squeaky voice, as the Clown scrambled over the high board fence bordering the lane.

"S'long as all present are 'counted for—let's go," said the Owl, "and wh-t-e-v-e-r you do don't make a noise. Woe Adams is on police duty tonight."

The Animal, owing to his wounds, was accorded the seat of honor beside the Owl; the rest of the Clan piled into the rear of the wagon.

"Be care—Gee! I knew you'd do it!" cried the Owl in muffled anger, as a horrible clatter arose behind him.

"What in thunder are they?" asked the Clown, when the din had subsided.

"Apple pickers," replied the Owl. "We're going to do this job right. You've made noise enough to wake the town."

"Town's asleep. Anyway how in blazes did I know you had all that hardware aboard?"

"Shut up!" hissed the Owl, and for several minutes the boys sat silent. Then, as no ominous sound broke the stillness of the night, the Owl gathered up the reins, and they were off.

They met no one in the mile ride to where Richards lane branched off from the river road; and it was a greatly relieved Owl who steered his chariot into the grass grown cart path that led to the orchard.

"Here we are," he said at last pulling up beside the wall, behind which the apple trees raised their laden branches. "Pile out and get busy. I'll turn the team around. Just as well to be on the safe side, if we have to leave in a hurry."

LIKE a swarm of locusts, the Clan attacked the six trees, Slippery Elm, the Clown, Slat's Whitney and Skeeter Robinson wielding the pickers, while Antidote Jones, Pup McEwen and the Owl stuffed the apples into burlap bags, which they carried to the wagon, where the Animal sat in stately glory. Working with unfaltering energy, the boys completed their task just as the sound of the chapel clock booming two floated across the mist-wreathed meadows.

"Finished, Slippery?" asked the Owl, mopping his forehead.

"Got 'em all," replied that youth staggering to the wagon with the last sack. "Gee! that was some job. Let's beat it."

Not even an early milkman disturbed their return journey and, after safely caching the apples in an abandoned barn on Pike's Hill, the Clan separated, Slippery Elm and the Owl driving to Lamb's, where they tied the horse in the stable yard, while Pup McEwen and the Clown returned the apple pickers which the Owl had borrowed from the stable of the school farm.

After luncheon the next day the Animal betook himself to Pop Smith's Drug Store, to have his arnica bottle refilled; and, while Pop was busy on his errand of mercy in the rear of the store, he tried without success to beguile the new assistant into charging just one walnut and maple sundae. As he was involved in a lengthy discussion as to his inherent honesty and ability to pay his bills the first of the following month, an ancient buggy drove up and an old woman got out.

The Animal stepped forward and held open the heavy door for her; she brushed by without even a nod of thanks and shuffled to the rear of the store, as Pop came into view carrying the bottle of arnica.

"How'do Mis' Richards?"

"Poorly, Mr. Smith, thank ye. How much is Howard's Liniment?"

"Hum-er, eighty-five cents a bottle," replied Pop consulting a small card.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated the old woman. "Everything is so dear now-a-days. But Josiah says it's the only thing that does him any good. I'll take one."

"Mr. Richards laid up?" asked Pop sympathetically, as he wrapped the gaudily labelled bottle, and handed it to her.

"Flat on his back with rheumatism, and it couldn't have happened at a worse time. Someone stole every apple off our Baldwin trees last night. Josiah sold 'em last week for three dollars a barrel and we was relying on the money to meet the payment due on our mortgage tomorrow."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Pop leaning over the counter, his kindly red face lined with concern.

"Perhaps it isn't so bad as you think," he continued. "Maybe whoever did it only meant it for a joke. Besides the bank will give you an extension when you explain."

"It wasn't no joke," the old woman retorted, shooting a malevolent glance at the Animal whose face was flaming. "Some o' them students done it a-purpose. Josh licked one t'other day, and they done it to get even. Besides, Squire Benson holds our mortgage, and he'll sell us out quicker'n scat. Eighty-five cents you say? Here it is."

She held out the money, but Pop shook his head. "Too bad, too bad," he sympathized. "I'll bet though whoever took 'em will bring 'em back. Pay some other day, Mis' Richards, 'twill be all right."

The old woman's chin tilted upward.

"We ain't paupers yet," she snapped, "and we pay as we go, though it looks as if we'd end in the poor house. We're too old to start over again. I do hope, though, whoever took 'em pays us another visit. Jake Pratt's sleeping in the barn, with a loaded shot gun. Here's your money," and laying the coins upon the counter, she strode out.

AS the Animal limped up Spring Street full realization of the tragedy struck him. Angry at the cruel trick fate had played, he drew back his arm and hurled the bottle blindly up the street, horrified to see it, an instant later, crash against a telegraph pole and scatter its contents upon the new French professor, who happened to be passing at that very instant.

With great presence of mind, the Animal dodged into a nearby doorway, from which point of vantage he saw the en-

raged Frenchman rush across the street and collar the Clown, who was sauntering innocently along with his hands deep in his trousers pockets.

Finally, when the Clown had succeeded in persuading the vehement Frenchman that he could not possibly have thrown the bottle, and the professor had departed vowing vengeance upon the culprit, the Animal emerged from his hiding place.

"You did that!" exclaimed the Clown catching sight of him.

"On general principles, he gave me three pages of translation to hand in by eight o'clock tonight. What's the matter with you, anyway? Are you crazy?"

"Pretty nearly," confessed the Animal, "get the Clan up to my room quick."

"What's up?"

"The apples."

"Does the doctor know?"

"Not yet. Do as I say. I can't tell you about it here."

THOROUGHLY alarmed, the Clown sped down the street and routed the Clan from Gus's, where they were investing the remainder of Slippery Elm's check in maple sundaes.

A quarter of an hour later they were gathered in the Animal's room, listening with long faces to what he had overheard.

"Good night!" exclaimed Slippery Elm, when the Animal finished, "I can see where we fit, when the doctor hears of this."

"We'll all be fired sure," chimed in the Clown.

"Fired!" roared the Animal, "We ought to be. That isn't it. Squire Benson will sell out the Richards if he gets half a chance, that's the way the old sneak made his money. Question is, how are we going to stop him?"

"Can't," said Slat's Whitney.

"Shut up!" cried the Animal.

"Go to the doctor ourselves," suggested Antidote Jones, "he's pretty white after all."

"Not a chance," interrupted Slippery Elm, "it has gone too far for that."

"Put 'em back," suggested Skeeter Robinson. "We were going to anyway."

"And have our heads blown off," they howled at him.

"Owl," said the Animal, "at times you have been known to have flashes of human intelligence. Can you think of anything?"

The Owl shook his head mournfully. "If we 'phone Richards where they are, he'll trace the call; if we write him, old Cook at the post office will be wise; if we take 'em back in daylight, Richards will spot us and tell the doctor, and if we take 'em back at night Jake Pratt'll fill us full of buckshot. I'm going over and begin to pack. Something tells me I shall not remain in these sacred halls much longer."

"Yes, we're done," wailed Skeeter Robinson.

"We're done," mimicked the Animal savagely. "Well, I want to tell you fellows one thing, I'm not done."

"How's that?" asked the Owl gently.

"I'm going to sell the apples. Yes, I know it's some job; but I'm going to do it all the same. I want you fellows to be at the old barn on Pike's Hill at half-past four this afternoon. I'll be there with a team and some barrels. I want you to help me pack the apples."

"Who are you going to sell 'em to?" asked the Skeeter.

"Never mind," replied the Animal, "the less you know about it the better."

"There's something in that too," mused Slippery Elm, "we'll be there."

"There's one thing more," added the Animal, "give me all your money."

(Continued on page 44)



"Some one stole every apple off our Baldwin trees last night"

Good Night, Knight

By W. C. Tuttle

Illustrated by Clyde Forsythe

Reddy dashed forward, grasped the victim of the ink bottle by the neck and whirled him over on his back, stood over the body and shook his head at the other two

C.F.

"A W-W-W, shucks!" Reddy Brant backed defiantly into the corral fence and glared at big Jim Burns, owner of the X. L. ranch, and Piegan Waugh, the tall, bronzed sheriff of Lehmí. Waugh rubbed his chin and grinned at the freckled boy.

"Y'betcha, you've got to do it Reddy," he stated, and Jim Burns nodded and looked grave.

"Betcha he has, Piegan."

"Aw-w-w!" Reddy dug his heel savagely into the dirt and glared at them with his blue eyes. "School? What for?"

"Learn something," replied Waugh. "Want to be ignorant like us?"

"Stick inside from nine o'clock in the morning 'till four in the afternoon?" shrilled Reddy, "I'd rather be able to do sign talk with a flathead or swing a loop like poor old Baldy Hammond could than to read the biggest book in the world. Any-way I hired to punch cows—not books."

"Dog-gonest little arguer I ever seen," declared Burns, helplessly. "Reckon we better spank him, Piegan!"

"Spank me?" gasped Reddy, "Me?" His right hand clenched into a knotty fist, and Burns and Waugh looked surprised and startled at his hostile attitude. "Start spanking!" he gritted. "Not while I can fight."

"Cut that out!" yelled Burns, "Dog-gone you, Reddy! You've associated with men too much. Some day you'll git yourself into a fine hot scrap and git a shiner, won't he Piegan?"

Waugh smoothed his mustache to conceal a smile and a quick look of understanding passed between him and the boy. He had taught Reddy how to take care of himself.

"Uh-huh," grunted Waugh, "Sure will, Jim. He'll go to school, though, cause I want him to."

"Well," Reddy unclenching his fists and grinning a little as he took a deep breath. "Well, if you say so, Piegan. I hate to—honest to 'gosh!"

Reddy rode to the Lemhi school house the next morning. The one-story shack used as a school house sat a quarter of a mile from the town, as though the inhabitants were ashamed of their seat of learning. Twelve crude benches on either side, a rusty stove and a pine table for the teacher completed the furnishings. A sort of built-in closet was to be used as a dressing room for the teacher.

This was Lemhi's first school, and Reddy arrived early on the opening day. The teacher was the only one there, and she glanced up as Reddy's spurs rattled across the threshold.

"Good morning."

Reddy stared at her, reached up slowly, pulled off his sombrero and held it in his hand. Reddy had seen pictures of women like her in a magazine, but she was the first one he had ever seen in the flesh. He stared at her, and his first thoughts were

that her cheeks were like the sunrise on the Cabinet peaks, sort of pink and gold, and her eyes matched the skies above those snow-clad peaks. She was no taller than he, and likely lighter.

"Good—gosh!" Reddy had started to slide into a seat but had sat on the floor instead. He got up slowly and sat on the bench. Her eyes were laughing at him, when she said:

"Isn't it a lovely morning?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted, looking around the room. "Yes'm, I sort of reckon you read the

signs right. Is this the school house?"

"Yes. I am Miss Ashton, the teacher. Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Red Brant. Ma named me Robert, but hair like mine won't even let Bob horn in, Ma'am. You been teaching very long?"

"This is my first school, Robert. You've been to school before?"

"Seven times eight is fifty-six," grinned Reddy. "I'll start in where I left off."

THE timid entrance of more pupils precluded further conversation, so Reddy sat there and watched them file in. "Mexicans, Injuns and worse than that!" grunted Reddy to himself.

"Looks more like a council than a school."

Five little girls, one a half-breed, and twelve males completed the enrollment. The Mexican boys, almost grown men, sat sulkily together and scowled at the teacher. Reddy scowled at the Mexicans. Reddy hated Mexicans, although he swore by Miguel Herrera, Waugh's Mexican deputy. "Mig's a Mexican," admitted Reddy, "but he ain't working at it."

The little teacher, visibly nervous, glanced over her flock and tapped on the table. She called the little girls one by one to come up to her, and when she had finished with them she called the nearest one of the big Mexicans, who slouched up to her with a sneer on his dirty face.

"Your name, please," she requested, kindly. The Mexican wet his thick lips and answered her in Spanish. The other two

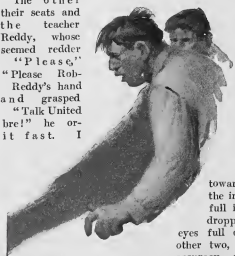
laughed aloud at the cleverness of their swarthy compatriot.

"Please speak English," she requested, "What is your name?"

The Mexican spoke again, and the other two laughed and replied in the same language. Reddy had been taught a smattering of Spanish by Miguel, and he knew what had been said. He slid out of his seat and walked to the front.

"The teacher wants to know your name, Pedro," said Reddy. "You can talk English and you're going to talk it right now, Sabe?"

The other teacher and the teacher Reddy, whose seemed redder "Pleasee," "Pleasee Rob-Reddy's hand and grasped "Talk United bre!" he or-it fast. I



two got out of the one beside glared at red that than ever.

said the teacher "ert."

slid forward an ink bottle. States, homedered. "Talk habla Espanol."

Crash! The Mexican had

taken one step towards the boy, and the ink bottle hit him full in the face. He dropped to his knees,

eyes full of ink, and the other two, stunned by the accuracy of Red's aim,

stopped as though undecided.

Reddy dashed forward, grasped the victim of the ink bottle by the neck and whirled him over his back. He stood over the prostrate body and shook his head at the other two.

"Give me that knife!" he snapped, and there was a determined look in his angry eyes.

They slid back into the seat and Reddy glanced down at the ink covered victim.

"The teacher asked your name, Mex."

"Pedro Mendoza," he replied evenly, and added in Spanish, "You'll pay for this."

"What did he say, Robert?" asked the frightened teacher.

"Pedro Mendoza, ma'am."

"In Spanish?" she persisted.

"He said he was thinking of . . . committing . . . suicide," replied Reddy, meaningly, and let the abashed Pedro slink back to his seat.

IN the days that followed Reddy forgot Pedro's threat. He paraded his acquired knowledge at the X. L. ranch, and chided Burns and Milton on their ignorance.

"You fellows better go to school. Great stuff."

And then Jim Burns went to school—not to study, but to see why Reddy rode the ten miles a day so religiously, and moped on Saturday and Sunday. He found out. Big, rough, good-hearted Jim Burns, whose creed was "Play square with a round world," found out when he looked into Mary Ashton's blue eyes, and said:

"No, ma'am, I ain't his dad: I ain't married."

Then Reddy wondered why Burns sat alone on the porch of the ranch house in the evening, or rode alone to Lemhi instead of playing some sort of game with him and Milton, to see who had to do the few chores. He wondered why Burns failed to "bawl out" Sing Wah, the cook, which had been a three-times-a-day occurrence, until now Sing excelled himself in concocting weird dishes to try and force Burns to wax sarcastic once more.

"No sabe," said Sing Wah, sadly, "Maybeso him sick. Alle time no kick. Whasamalla?"

Reddy told his troubles to his teacher.

"Something is eating that feller—sure," he added.

Miss Ashton patted him on the shoulder, and the act thrilled Reddy to the utter exclusion of other troubles. That evening Reddy rode almost to town before he remembered that the teacher had promised him a book to take to the ranch, so he

swung his pinto around and galloped back. He dropped off at the door and stepped inside.

Miss Ashton was standing back of her desk, gazing with frightened eyes at Pedro Mendoza, who was standing in the middle of the room. A huge bull-snake was coiled around the Mexican's arm, and he held the serpent's head between thumb and finger.

"There is nice snake," Pedro was saying, "You like for pet, eh? I catch heem for you, te-e-cher."

"I've heard that a bull-snake will kill a rattler, but it didn't seem to work out this time," said Reddy.

Pedro whirled and scowled at the boy.

"Throw it out of the window!" snapped Reddy, "You've got a lot of nerve scaring a woman with a snake."

"I—I'm afraid of snakes," faltered Miss Ashton.

"I ain't," replied Reddy, "Not the crawling kind."

"Nobody 'fraid of snakes," leered Pedro, tossing the snake out of the open window, "I sorry."

He slouched towards Reddy, but his was the easy slouch of the panther.

Reddy leaned against the side of the door and watched the Mexican approach. The poise of the body and the half-closed eye spelt treachery, but Reddy made no move.

SUDDENLY, while yet a few steps away, a knife appeared in Pedro's right hand, and he flung himself forward like a cat. The Mexican takes naturally to a knife, preferring stealth and a quick slash to the fair and square, rough and tumble fight of red-blooded men and boys.

Reddy dropped sideways on one hand, and his right foot kicked out and up, came a dull "chuck!" and Pedro collapsed on the threshold. The knife rattled on the stones outside, and Reddy grinned in bewilderment.

"Geeemighty!" he grunted, "Frenchy La Farge showed me how to do that, and it must a stuck in my crop. Right on the chin!"

Pedro rolled over, got to his feet, and without a backward glance trotted towards the town, hanging onto his jaw. Then Reddy turned to Miss Ashton. "I forgot that book," he explained, picking it off the desk, "Bullsnakes won't hurt anybody."

"Gracious!" Miss Ashton leaned on her desk and stared at the boy.

"They look something like rattlers, ma'am."

"He—he wanted to give it to me."

"Yes'm. He knowed you wouldn't take it. Wanted to scare you."

"Robert, you must be careful," seriously, "Pedro is very angry at you, don't you think?"

"Well," grinned Reddy, "if he ain't, he ought to be. Good-night."

He rode back towards Lemhi, and guided his horse straight towards the Mexican quarter. In his heart smoldered a hatred for Mexicans. "Scaring a woman with a snake!" he muttered to the pinto, "Ain't that a sneaking trick, Paint?"

He felt that something must be done about Pedro and his ilk. The school was doing them no good. They went when they felt like it, and their own ignorance was a source of amusement among themselves. If he could only find a way to make them leave of their own free will.

As he swung across the street he saw Jose Pablo, a small Mexican of unsavory reputation, cross the street with Tony Mendoza, brother of Pedro, and the two entered the Mendoza shack. Reddy felt that there would be conversation concerning him in that shack, so he dismounted, walked around an old corral and walked in behind the Mendoza home.

A broken pane of glass in a rear window afforded him a chance to hear the conversation, and he chuckled at the first remark, evidently from Pablo: "You will not hit anybody soon, Pedro. The red-head must kick like a burro." Reddy inwardly thanked Miguel for the lessons in Spanish, and leaned closer to the wall.

Finally he drew back, walked swiftly to his pinto, and rode home in deep thought. He rubbed his freckled nose in wonderment, and below his breath he muttered: "Daw-w-gone!"

He spent half the night poring over the pages of that book. Hour after hour he read a tale of the days of chivalry—days

When armored knights fought to save beautiful princesses.

Reddy drank in every word and only stopped when his candle burned out, and Milton swore sleepily at him for being a night-hawk. Then he rolled into bed and dreamed of Robert Brant, dressed in shining armor, storming single-handed the walls of a castle to rescue a princess who seemed to look like his teacher.

THE next morning she asked him if he liked the story.

"Great!" he grinned, "Do you reckon it's true? About them hom-bres saving the princess, and then she—uh—"

"Bless your heart, yes, Robert. Of course they married and lived happily ever afterwards."

"Well," demurred Reddy, "mostly anybody could get up nerve to fight if they had on a tin coat and iron pants. Still, I reckon it was a fifty-fifty on the hardware."

That day the three Mexicans did not come to school. The day was hot. Flies buzzed up and down the windows, and the monotonous drawl of a little Indian girl, who persisted in repeating the alphabet aloud, added to the general discomfort.

About three o'clock Miss Ashton wiped her damp forehead for the fiftieth time, and announced that school was dismissed. The children filed out, but Reddy still sat there humped over a book.

"Aren't you going home, Robert?" asked Miss Ashton.

"Yes'm, but I wanted to ask if you'd do something for me, and not ask any questions?"

Miss Ashton glanced up from her desk, as Reddy continued: "Will you write me a note and ask me to come down to your house tonight? Give it to Pedro if you can and ask him to bring it out to the ranch."

"Why, Robert, that's a queer request. I am not going to be home this evening, and—"

"I know," grinned Reddy, "that don't matter, ma'am,"

"Tell me why, Robert?"

"No, ma'am, not now. Maybe it won't work like I think. Will you do it?"

"Well," Miss Ashton hesitated for a moment, and then nodded. "Yes, I will, Robert. Just say to come to my home tonight?"

"Uh-huh. And get Pedro to bring it to me, if you can.

Any one of them three Mexicans will do. I ain't particular."

"Pedro dislikes you so much that perhaps he wouldn't do it," objected Miss Ashton.

"Yes'm, I reckon he hates me a little, but maybe he'll do that much for you. Try it anyway. Good-night."

"I wish I knew what it was all about," mused Miss Ashton, as she watched Reddy disappear down the road in a cloud of dust. "Oh, well, it must be all right or Reddy wouldn't be doing it."



Suddenly figures seemed to rise out of the ground beside the pinto, came a dull thud, and its rider swayed from the saddle

REDDY sat alone on the porch of the ranch house that night. Jim had left right after supper, and Milton was busy at the bunk-house. It was dark when a horseman rode up to the porch and swung off his horse. It was Pablo.

"A letter to you," he announced, handing Reddy an unsealed envelope.

Reddy glanced at the address on the envelope, and smiled at the "Kindness of Pedro" written across the bottom.

"Pedro hees seek," explained Pablo, grinning. Pablo was about Reddy's size, and Reddy looked him over speculatively.

"Much obliged, Pablo," said Reddy. "You going back to town?"

"Si. We weel ride together, eh?"

"Uh-huh," and then to himself, "He knew what the note said. Dog-gone it, I think I've got the scheme."

Reddy saddled his pinto, and the two of them rode away together. Just as they approached the lights of Lemhi, Reddy pulled up his horse.

"Loose cinch!" he

grunted and swung to the ground. He stepped over to Pablo, and the astonished Mexican looked down into the muzzle of a big caliber pistol.

"Get down!" snapped Reddy, "Hit the dirt and keep your hands in the air, hombre! I heard that talk in the Mendoza shack yesterday. Sabe?"

MISS ASHTON lived with Miss McKay, who owned a little cottage near the outskirts of Lemhi. Just before reaching the house the road dipped into a deep arroya and through a small thicket of mesquite. At the fringe of this mesquite, screened from the moonlight, sat three figures. Suddenly one of them gave a short exclamation in Spanish, and the one behind him grunted: "They come! Get ready!"

(Continued on page 47)

The Sage of Slabsides

By Franklin D. Elmer

IT rained four days in apple blossom time. Then, with the sunshine, came John Burroughs. "Off for the Beaver dam," he wrote in our guest book. "We're off to see Mr. and Mrs. Beaver," he called to the children on their way to school. Mr. Burroughs is eighty-two. He has learned the worth of children. We took aboard a huge lunch hamper, gathered in Sparrowhawk, and started out into the perfect May. The Sparrowhawk wishes you to know that he is leader of his patrol. We cleared the city and sped up the car on the washed macadam of the broad state road. "This road will never take us where we want to go today," admitted the humble member of the Eagles at the steering-wheel; "heaven do not build dams by state roads in Dutchess County. But this is Red-wing territory," he continued. "In the swamp there," replied Mr. Burroughs, who was seated by his side, the place of honor in an automobile, "but that was a lark singing over the meadow, and I expect soon to see Mr. Bob-o-link, and hear his merriest of songs, they are already here now you know—if these new-fangled mowing machines haven't driven them all out," he added regretfully. And he told us of his boyhood days, and his present summer home, "Woodchuck Lodge," in beautiful Roxbury in the Catskills. "Woodchucks and cats," he said, "are pests. One nibbles off my peas and the other kills my birds. I use my rifle on the chucks and I wish the scouts would exterminate all stray cats. They are frightful robbers!"

"Next to good hard work on the farm this scout idea is one of the finest things that has ever happened for boys," spoke Mr. Burroughs. "It must keep close to its original ambition, however, to give to boyhood the rich heritage of nature. A boy who sits at the feet of Mother Nature and learns of her is not likely to go wrong. I am greatly interested in the scout movement. I wish every American boy might have its advantages."

Then we turned abruptly from the shining stream of macadam, up a little country lane, over a hill, down a valley dip, to full, tumbling streams, and giant ledges, to uninterrupted trees, and pasture slopes of red cedar, to sharp twists in the wood road, to the little lost school house on the corner, to old ruins of farm houses, with forlorn, unkempt lilacs clinging bravely to the memory of former animation. The roaring traffic of the state highway was forgotten. Cheewinks welcomed us to the wilderness. "I can believe there are beaver here," said



John Burroughs in the woods

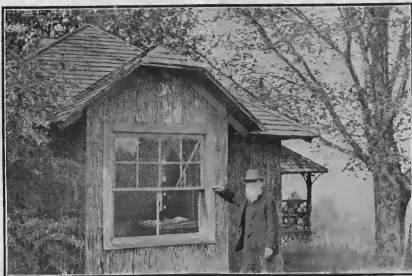
Mr. Burroughs, "they choose well. I think this is the wildest near-home country I have ever seen."

So we parked the car against a border of anemone in full bloom and hiked it over an acre of fringed polygons to the ravine. Old Biddy Partridge was budding among the outer branches of an apple tree. The branches waved to us from where she went whirling off over a little grove of sumac. An oven-bird called, "Teacher! Teacher!" "Look out there," answered the naturalist, "or I'll punish you!"

IT was hard to keep up with Mr. Burroughs on that ramble through the woods. He was gay and lighted hearted as a lad. His eye was keen. His ear recorded every faintest bird-note. His step was firm. He jumped the bogs and scrambled the ledges. The May was in him and the heart and spirit of youth. Sparrowhawk confessed afterwards that he kept thinking of

him as a boy companion except when he saw his white hair. His hands were continually full of new treasures, now a rare fragrant violet, now with the frostings of an ant hill, again it was a wreath of woodbine from under a hemlock, or a spray of columbine from the rocks. His voice, clear and sweet, mimicked the birds. As Kipling's Solomon, he talked with butterflies.

Mr. and Mrs. Beaver must have gone away to school with their children. Their woodpile was in the back-yard, there was much evidence of their skillful engineering at their front door dam, but the shy little creatures themselves appeared not, even to greet so distinguished a friend and guest. But how the great naturalist enjoyed their work! His delicate fingers traced the marks of their teeth, his supple arms almost hugged a huge log of black birch which they had cut out and barked to the replenishment of their larder. He found a cane of their cutting and cherished it. "It just fits me," he said, "this is the first cane I have ever had made for me entirely without the touch of human hand."



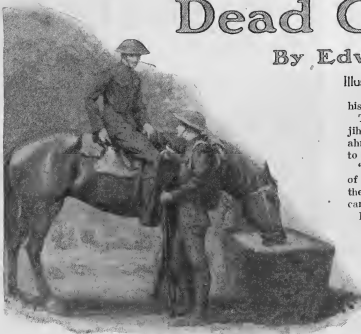
Slabsides, the workshop of the famous naturalist

THE sun was full at a May-day noon when we tugged the hamper to a bountiful, chosen spring. "Perhaps I shall be obliged to teach you scouts how to build a fire," said Mr. Burroughs, as he watched us fumbling among the rain soaked leaves for a bit of "dri-ki." "I use bark," he said and he stripped a gnarled old mountain tree. "How can a man be happy with a million dollars?" said the Sage of Slabsides, as he stretched himself comfortably at full length by the little fire-place. "Spring (Continued on p. 34)"

Dead Cavalrymen

By Edwin C. Dickenson

Illustrated by Leon A. Bellise



FOR long months that ancient taunt, "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" had been hurled at Hughes of the 99th.

It had survived two wars and had been resurrected when the punishing work of the first months of the war had been forgotten and the mounted men had worn down drill paths and watched their horses grow old at the rear.

Scarcely a day went by when Hughes, watering his animals at the ford beside the bridge, was not the object of jibe or jeer from the plodding foot-soldiers going to or from the trenches.

"How's the rocking-horse fleet to-day?" or "Why not kill 'em for beef?" or again and worse, "Will he sit up and shake hands with you?" were some of the brilliant observations on the part of the doughboys that made poor Hughes want to do murder, and that on some one beside an Allemand.

There were some who jested at his expense and came no more to jest. There were times when a touch of bitterness accompanied a jibe when it came from some weary trench-rat whose company had felt the heavy hand of a raiding party.

On such occasions there was nothing Hughes and his fellow troopers could do but hold their peace and lower their heads in shame. These were the jeers that cut the deepest.

AND there was one man who, whatever the condition of his company, whether going jauntily forth to the trenches or trudging back grimy of face and mud to the waist, who carried the sharpest pointed of all those ill-timed jokes and pierced Hughes' armor as no other could.

He was Clancy of B. 277th. Hughes had discovered that much against a possible meeting when both were on pass. He was red-headed and, of course, freckled, and young—yonger even than Hughes, who had had to get his parents' consent to his enlistment.

He took such delight in torturing poor Hughes that his tired, snudgy face lighted as soon as he hove in sight of the trooper and the latter never had the temptation to run from the boches that assailed him when Clancy opened up at long range.

Never was the red-headed infantryman too war-weary to invent some new taunt as he drew abreast of the watering-place, nor did he ever fail to cap it with "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?"

At first Hughes had tried retort but Clancy was a past-master at repartee, besides having the best of the argument and the cavalryman invariably got worse than he gave.

So now he kept a sullen silence which gave the irrepressible Clancy an opportunity for an uninterrupted stream of comment from the time he arrived within speaking distance until

his wagging tongue could no longer make itself heard.

Then came a morning when Clancy had the choicest of all jibes for his victim. He could hardly wait until his four drew abreast of the disconsolate trooper at their morning watering to single out Hughes and drive his shaft home.

"Wonder why they put the Guards in the trenches instead of the 77th?" he queried, seemingly of the file ahead. And then he answered himself. "But then, the best of the cavalry can hardly expect to fill the shoes of the infantry."

Hughes' eyes never left the rippling surface of the stream but the red darkened even his ruddy cheeks.

That shaft had sunk deep. All the way back to the picket line he brooded over it. The Guards had gone in dismounted and the 77th had been passed by.

THE next day he was Captain's orderly and found an opportunity to sound the "Old Man" on the subject. For that officer, ever with an ear to the ground, had casually inquired how the men were standing it.

"Rotten, sir," had been Hughes' answer. "If we could only get into the fight," he went on with the assurance of a favored private. "They say the Guards have gone in dismounted, sir."

The only answer was a grunt that might have meant any one of several things.

Then the Captain, over-tempted, had let fall a cryptic word of encouragement. "Keep your spirits up," he growled. "We'll get it, and plenty of it and at no distant date either or I'm mistaken."

Hughes had passed the word and the drooping spirits of the troopers had revived.

But that very night had come the first of a series of rumblings and snortings on the highway that ran beyond the picket line. Every night for a week these strange sounds continued. Antediluvian forms, with monstrous uncouth manners waddled, groaning and swaying, past the sentries until they fairly seemed to rival in number the horses of the squadron; creations of a fevered brain—the tanks.

And the hearts of the horsemen sank within them. First the airplanes had stolen their mission as eyes of the army, now these blunt-nosed monsters were to take the place of the rapier thrust of the cavalry.

Then there came a night when Hughes' corporal laid violent hands on him in the wee sma' hours. "Saddle up. Full pack," he had commanded with exultant gruffness.

IT had come at last! An unholy joy had seized the half-awakened men. A hysterical whisper, a smothered oath, an orderly confusion, were the only signs of the tremendous errand on which they were to set out. Saddles and bridles were carried from the racks to the picket-line. Men coaxed their animals in wheedling tones, as they bridled and saddled and loaded their mounts with full equipment.

The command came to untie from the line and they formed fours and the fours squads and the squads platoons. The head of the column moved out. Platoon followed platoon, troop, troop, until the whole squadron was in motion along a wide road which it shared with rumbling batteries and raucous, charging motor cars.

They were not long in getting in shell-fire. The enemy was searching for just such reserves. They found the road just ahead of the squadron and presently Hughes was circling a crater that might well have been the grave of a platoon.

They took to the fields shortly after this and rode on, sometimes at the trot, more often at a walk, until the first signs of breaking day came with the sound of the rattle of machine-guns and rifle-fire close at hand.

Ever thickening streams of wounded men were making their

way to the rear. Hughes felt a sickening of heart at the sight of them. Then the order to trot was given again and something about the snap which his platoon-leader put into the command tensed the trooper's muscles and brought a reeling thrill with it.

They were in the open now and Hughes, No. 1 of his four, looked across a deadly level, pitted by shell-holes to a khaki line that was falling back before a dense one of green.

Falling back! The shock of it stunned his senses for the moment, yet what could this thin wavering line do before those masses!

Then he realized that his platoon commander was waving his right hand wildly back and forth in a horizontal position and he felt the surge of the horses on his left against him. It was right front into line. They were forming for the charge under fire.

Again he was the right of the line of his platoon and of his squadron. The guidon-sergeant came plunging up beside him with the bright colors flaring in the breeze.

He looked to the left along a line that had never been straighter on a drill field.

The signal came to gallop and unwavering the line took the increased gait.

THEY were in the shrapnel now and Hughes even saw the flash of the battery that was hurling it behind that unbroken line of green. He felt a sudden irritation that the man on his left had dropped back and opened up an interval and then a glance showed him that it was a riderless horse that galloped beside him.

The platoon leader was shaking his fist furiously in the direction of the enemy and to Hughes' fuddled brain came the message that this was the signal to charge.

He put spurs to his galloping beast and yelled with a savagery that startled even himself.

The thin line of khaki was gone by the time the squadron had reached its position. Here and there a survivor dodged the charging horses, but it made no break in the line. It had had its orders to hold to the last man and had followed them.

But now into Hughes' line of vision came an uncouth monster

up-ended in a deep crater, a tank still spitting fire from its erevices but done to death in this great hole. A group of infantry-men crouched in the lee of it, firing their pieces from its shelter.

The riders opened to left and right to pass it and Hughes, casting one glance at the huddled men, met the familiar and well-hated eyes of Clancy.

The grievances of months surged into the taunt he hurled down at the foot-soldier.

"Come along, Doughboy," he shouted, "and we'll show you how the cavalry die."

There was no repartee now, from the Irishman. Only a friendly wave of the hand. With it, all animosity toward the infantry-man faded from Hughes' heart.

AND now the green line took on detail—detail of battle-crazed faces, outward thrust bayonets, yet figures that shrunk before the thunder of on-sweeping roofs, shrunk and broke in spite of officers, who vainly waved their swords. Broke at the worst time for them that they could have yielded.

And the cavalry was on and through and over them, with reeking swords and bloody-hoofed mounts.

On went the colors and on went Hughes beside the grim-lipped guidon-sergeant and on came the rest of the line with a bare-headed major still leading the way.

Straight at the guns they went in good old "bloody leather" fashion and although the point blank shrapnel blew holes in the line as one pushes a punch through leather, the line itself swept on until Hughes, missing a blast that deafened him for a month, drove his saber through the gunman who had fired his last shot.

A trumpeter very much out of breath blew the rally. Dimly Hughes remembered wheeling his horse in response. Then his animal seemed to run out from under him, leaving him suspended in mid-air, and his senses faded.

He thought he was in a German dungeon when he awoke. Walls of studded steel met his gaze with here and there a

(Continued on page 50)

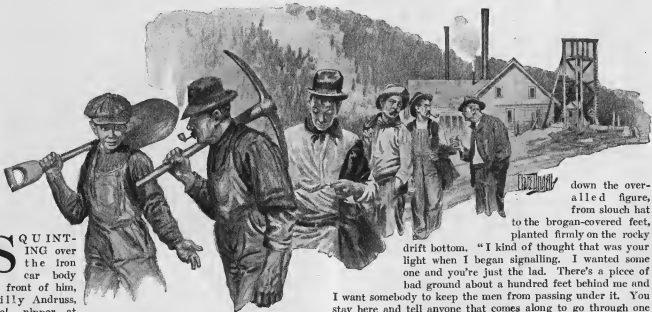


An uncouth monster up-ended in a deep crater

Back in the Light

By Joseph Kessel

Illustrated by Clare Angell



SQUINTING over the iron car body in front of him, Billy Andruss, tool-nipper at

the Brown Bear Mine, took in a yellow pin-point of light a good thousand feet distant. It was nothing unusual to see a light in the drifts, but this one swung about in a very strange manner. First it moved back and forth from drift side to drift side, then from the center shot up and down, forming a big cross.

"Signal, I reckon," Billy decided, and trundled the tool-car along the single line of rusty rails that appeared to come to a point between the somber, rocky walls. On and on he traveled, the fast revolving car-wheels sending out a hollow, rumbling roar that echoed and re-echoed through the dark passageways. To go ahead broke into his regular task of keeping the men who mined the gold ore supplied with sharp tools, but he knew that a signal light should always be answered.

Although barely midway in his sixteenth year, he nevertheless felt entirely at home underground, for all his life had been passed in the Colorado mining camp of Pine Branch. He hoped some day to become a mining engineer, then later to direct big operations from a map-filled office humming with busy subordinates. Bright, active, straight as a young pine and with not a lazy muscle in his whole body, his chances of reaching the goal were good.

The distance between him and the light narrowed to a few rods before he was sure that the tall, corduroy-clad figure standing in the center of the track was Charles Whylee, the Brown Bear foreman. A half dozen yards further on he could see the foreman's face lit up by a candle held shoulder-high as he looked from beneath puckered eyebrows at the approaching boy, whose head and shoulders bobbed up and down with every step.

Whylee was anxious over something. Billy could see that before he squeezed between the car body and drift side to the front. Usually the foreman's long, clean-shaven face and snappy black eyes turned off a smile when the youngster approached, but just then both appeared somewhat grave.

Big, strong, thorough, with a wonderful ability for leading men, whom he handled in his own good-natured way, Whylee had, though still under thirty, done exceedingly well in his chosen profession. He was very fond of the young nipper, who now stood between the rails waiting for orders.

"Dad rat it, Billy, old sox, I'm glad to see you," Whylee couldn't help joking a little, and a smile turned up the corners of his generous-sized mouth. Then he cupped a big, ore-stained hand behind his candle, and in the reflected light ran his eyes

down the over-alled figure, from slouch hat to the brogan-covered feet, planted firmly on the rocky drift bottom. "I kind of thought that was your light when I began signalling. I wanted some one and you're just the lad. There's a piece of bad ground about a hundred feet behind me and

I want somebody to keep the men from passing under it. You stay here and tell anyone that comes along to go through one of the other drifts. Say those are my orders. Now I'll go and hustle up the timber gang."

WHYLEE had barely finished and turned around when a burly miner named John Caslik strode out of a nearby cross-cut and headed for the drift that might prove a deadfall before he had passed through.

"Hey! Don't go in there!" Billy yelled, "it's dangerous!" Caslik swung around, his bulging shoulders hunched and his coarse dark-skinned face wrinkled into a scowl. "What's the matter with you?" he growled in a deep-throated voice with a slight foreign accent, as his ferret-like eyes took Billy in from head to foot.

"There's some caving ground in there and the boss wants everyone to go by the back drifts," was Billy's quick reply as he moved a step nearer.

Caslik grunted, then deliberately turned around and started ahead once more.

"Hey, Jack!" This was from Whylee, who stepped to the boy's side, and added, "Don't go in there till she's timbered up."

Caslik was still scowling as he again swung back and made out the foreman's half-smiling face. The smile fooled him completely. The boss must be one of the spineless kind. "Who's runnin' this mine anyway," he demanded, "you or the kid?"

"Right now, both of us," and Whylee's smile broadened.

"Well, then, I'm talkin' to both of you. I've got a contract and ain't goin' to spend all my time dodging caves. I know bad ground just as well as you."

"Do yuh?" Whylee's smile suddenly faded and his chin tilted just a trifle. "Now here's something else you'll know if you don't take the back drifts and that is, how easy it is for me to make out a time check. And you needn't wrinkle up that mug of yours. It won't scare anybody."

"He's my face and I can do what I want with him," Caslik broke in, shifting his long stiletto-shaped candle-stick to his right hand.

"So it is, Jack. So it is. But now let this sink into that thick head of yours. You've got just three ticks to make up your mind whether you're goin' by the back drift, or goin' on top. I'm just itchin' to can you. Do you want the tin-ware?"

Caslik mumbled something below his breath and turned back

into the cross-cut, Whylee's black eyes fixed upon the receding form, as the snail returned.

"Guess that'll hold him for a while, Billy boy." Whylee turned to the youngster with the half-chuckled words still hovering on his lips, then a second time started to look up the timber gang.

WHEN the tall figure had vanished into the inky darkness and the clatter of footsteps faded away, Billy swung around, ready for anything that might come up. Ahead were several dark openings from which men were liable to come at any moment, for this part of the mine was cut up by passageways. Of course, he had no idea that Caslik would come back but, as he picked up a bobbing light coming from the cross-cut in which the burly miner had gone but a short time before, he involuntarily squinted in the effort to make out who it was that shuffled forward at such rapid gait.

Rumble! Clatter! Rumble! On came the man, his hobnailed shoes sending up a hollow sound as he strode along, with his candle held to keep his face in a shadow.

One step, two, three, a dozen; then the light was shifted and Billy saw that it was Caslik. Was he going to make a second attempt at passing under the bad ground? Somehow Billy thought he was and braced himself for anything that might occur.

A single step lay between them now and Billy saw that the man's eyes were partly closed in an insolent leer.

"Well, I guess now I go through," he said, showing a set of big yellow teeth. "The boss is crazy. Get out of the way!"

The last thought in Billy's mind was a tussle with the pig-headed miner; still, he was not going to stand aside without a word. Suddenly a big gray slab dropped from the drift top and struck the rails with a dull thud, quickly followed by a rattle of small stones which spread out on the rocky bottom.

Billy thought this a much better argument than any he could put up and left unsaid the word already on the tip of his tongue. But Caslik, bull-necked and obstinate, heeded neither the fall of ground nor the boy's attitude.

"Get out of my way," he growled,

brushing Billy aside as he started doggedly forward.

Caslik figured and correctly, too, that the young nipper would say nothing to Whylee. Also, he reckoned on darting safely beyond the bad piece of ground. Again, and this was the uppermost thought in his mind, he would have his way.

Half way to the slab, now lying full across the track, he scowled back over his shoulder as Billy called, "Hold on, Jack! Don't go any further!"

He was still scowling when his heavy shoes crunched on the newly fallen pieces of small rock. Then of a sudden he was not for, with a sharp report almost like that of a rifle, a section of the drift roof gave way and he was crushed down between the rails.

Billy saw the falling mass strike him, saw his light go out and then heard frantic calls for help coming out of the intense darkness. He heard other sounds also. Sounds of settling ground that creaked and groaned like countless unleashed imps. In a short time—there was no telling just when—a cave would surely take place. It might be a matter of seconds or of hours. If Caslik was not dragged to a place of safety before this happened, his body would be crushed and buried beneath tons and tons, perhaps a thousand tons of jagged rock.

"Help! Help! Help! Get me out, kid! Get me out!" Caslik's voice was muffled, but every word could be easily understood and Billy was not long in making up his mind what he would do. No one had to tell him, and he was bounding ahead before his answering call, "I'm coming!" had barely left his lips.

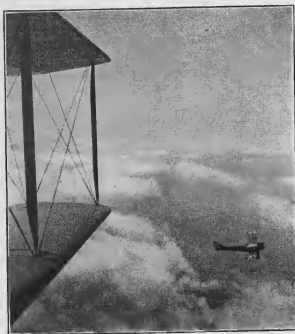
"I'll have you out in a shake," was his next encouraging call, but his heart sank as he quickly reckoned the job to be done, for Caslik was completely hidden from sight. Still, when he began tossing the loose stones aside his thoughts were not so much on the job as on the ominous grinding overhead. As he stooped over to work, a shower of flinty gravel dropped on his shoulders causing him to jump back and look up, for he knew this indicated that another cave would shortly follow.

HIS heart was pounding wildly and his jaws set when he tossed aside the first slab, whose weight taxed his muscles to the utmost. But there was no let up in his determination. If Caslik was not safe when Whylee came back two bodies would be buried instead of one. Like an experienced miner he worked on, making each stroke count and every few breaths giving vent to a cry of encouragement to the terrified man imprisoned below.

"Hurry up, kid! Hurry up! She's comin' in again. I (Cont'd on page 49)"

His heart was pounding wildly when he tossed aside the first slab





Traveling the Cloud Highway

"NEXT STATION 400 MILES!" In preparation for contemplated 7,800-mile air flight (and regular service) between London and Cape Town, exploration parties are now routing the course by placing petrol stations all the way about 400 miles apart, and laying out landing grounds.

MAKING WINDS WORK TWO WAYS. Newest aid to forest rangers is windmill on lookout station to drive dynamo that supplies current for wireless radio telephone service which enables chief lookout to call on rangers to fight forest fires fanned by the same wind—obviating former danger of broken wires.

TREAT 'EM RIGHT! A member of the State of New York Conservation Commission, Howard H. Cleaves, favors the use of this sign which explains itself: "GENTLEMEN will not, OTHERS must not injure or disturb this bird house." (By the way, what are you doing to attract and keep the song-birds around you?)

EXACTLY LIKE BOYS. On the track of the secret of the life that is in matter, scientists devised a Dendograph, consisting of a metal frame constructed of an alloy which does not expand or contract from changes in temperature which, encircling tree trunks, records the minutest changes in the dimension of a tree, resulting in the discovery that some trees, like the pine, show great daily variations in growth, while others, like the oak, grow steadily and continuously.

THIS IS BULLY! The American bison has been saved. The species was threatened with destruction by wild game hunters. This has been prevented, and there are now nearly 3,000 buffaloes in captivity and some 70 running wild in the United States, and over 3,000 in captivity and 500 in the wild state, in Canada. Only a little over 1,000 head were known to be in existence when the protective movement started. Records show more than 900 calves born in 1917.

SAY, SCOUTS, WOULDN'T THIS MAKE YOU LAUGH? To aid campers in the national forests, rangers spent the winter months painting and varnishing trail signs which were then crated and shipped to various points to be placed every half mile along the trails.

CAN WE CAN THE WORLD'S HUNGER? In order to feed the world while it is getting on its feet again, American canneries, it is estimated, must can 10,000,000,000 quarts of fish, fruit and vegetables this year.

"SAFE AT HOME." The Safety First Movement in this country, in which Boy Scouts have had a big part, is saving

What's Going On? By 'Duke Bolivar

the lives of 13,000 industrial workers every year, according to comparative figures compiled by authorities.

IF SOLDIERS GO TO SCHOOL, WHAT'S YOUR KICK? At Beanne, a British Army Camp 175 miles southeast of Paris, 15,000 soldiers attend the newest and largest English University, created for their benefit, and including an agricultural college with a 600 acre farm, an engineering department, and courses in art and architecture.

LOOK THIS UP. Can't describe it here, but the American Museum of Natural History of New York in an article by its news bureau tells how the ancient Peruvians had a wonderful system of knot tying which they used instead of writing and by which they preserved their records. If the human race happens to need that system again, scouts will be prepared.

PROVES WE'RE MADE OF DUST. An instrument that is used to locate buried grenades and shells and other mementoes of the war and that telephones when metal is approached, is said to be practically the same instrument used on President Garfield to locate the assassin's bullet which ended his life.

A FARM THAT TAKES A YEAR TO PLOW. Last spring crews began breaking up 200,000 Montana acres leased from the Indians by the Government for cultivation in order to add to the world's food supply. They are still at it, in spite of assistance given by high school boys who banded some 14 tractors, machines that pull plows that turn a total of about 100 furrows at once, in one day these 14 machines plowing 365 acres—a world record. Two of the boys, one on a tractor and one attending to three seeders, seeded 189 acres in one day.

NOW FIGHT WITH SPOONS. Soldiers at camps are now detailed in squads armed with white enameled spoons and little tin boxes, to collect the larvae of mosquitoes from neighboring pools for use by the Army Medical Department in a war on the malaria breeding species. SCOUTING had an article on mosquito hunting May 1st. Philadelphia has appropriated \$50,000 chiefly to fight mosquitoes. This is a game that any scout can play at.

"A LUBBERLY ERROR." In March Boys' Life, this department, was a statement about a ship's clock, the accuracy of which was questioned, and Chief Seascout James A. Wilder now gives the facts as to "the bells" on ship board as follows:

The First Watch is 8 p. m. to Midnight.
The Middle Watch is from Midnight to 4 a. m.
The Morning Watch is from 4 a. m. to 8 a. m.
The Forenoon Watch is from 8 a. m. to 12 noon.
First Dog Watch is from 12 noon to 2 p. m.
Second Dog Watch is from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.
Evening Watch is from 4 p. m. to 8 p. m.
Night Watch 8 p. m. to 12 Midnight.

By means of "dog watches" each watch gets a turn of eight hours' rest at night. Each period of four hours is marked by ringing the bell every half hour from one to eight times. The statement in Boys' Life is a "lubberly error."



Looking from the Car Window of the Future

The Devil Bird

By
Roy J. Snell

Illustrated by
William Hurd Lawrence

FRANCIS HARTMAN sat beside his sister, Ruth, looking through the double-paned window at the ice which had buried the Arctic Ocean and silenced it for nine long months. Their house on the sand-dunes, in the midst of the Eskimo village of Sitnezok, on the western shores of Alaska, gave them a wonderful view of the sea.

As they sat there a shout rang out. It came from somewhere in the village. Though a flash of some form of emotion passed over the girl's face, and though the boy frowned, neither moved. It was not that kind of a shout.

The brother and sister were in this bleak, out-of-the-way spot, on Government service. Francis was superintendent of the reindeer herd, maintained for the benefit of the natives. He was also the teacher of the native school. Ruth had come with him to be his housekeeper, and to teach domestic science.

"Do you know," said Francis, "that when you come to talk about imaginary beasts, these Eskimo are not a bit behind our early ancestors, the Chinese, or any other primitive people. Talk about the Chinese Dragon, the mysterious serpent, the brownies, the gnomes, and all the rest—Why, these Eskimos had 'em hacked off the map. There was one bugaboo that had a head like a man and a body like a gigantic worm; one that had a head like a dog, body like a walrus and legs like a turtle; one that was like a shrew mouse, but a very dangerous fellow at that, for if he found you asleep he would enter the toe of your boot, and burrow straight to your heart. And there was one they called Azeezruk Tingma-up-puk, which so far as I can tell, means 'Devil-bird.' This last one was a terrible fellow, indeed. He was like a gigantic eagle; had his nest on the top of a high mountain. From there he swooped down into the forests and out on the tundra for food. Sometimes he would carry away a grown caribou; sometimes a walrus, and at times, too, a hunter would disappear as if by magic; then all the villagers were sure he had been carried away by the Devil-bird. It is even affirmed that many years ago the old fellow was seen to swoop down to the sea, and bear a man off, kiak and all. When I asked the natives if the Devil-bird still lived, they told me he probably did, but was making his feeding-ground on another part of the coast, as nothing had been seen of him during the present generation. Oh! They've got their bugaboos, all right, and they're still afraid of them!"

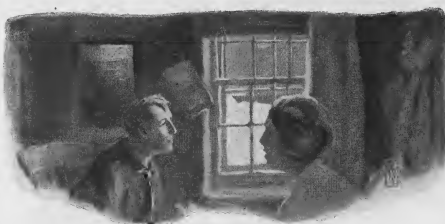
"They've got something else they're not afraid of, it's worse than the Devil-bird." Ruth wrinkled her forehead.

"Old Demon Rum! Yes!" assented Francis. "That's quite right. I only wish I could find that moon-shine still of theirs. But I can't. I've searched the village through again and again. Not a trace of it. I hope the whaler who taught them moon-shining was hung to the yard-arm."

"They're at it worse than ever," Francis exclaimed, as there came a succession of wild shouts.

SEEMING that he was drawing on his parka, Ruth took hers from the hook and prepared to accompany him.

"I don't think it's worth while to go among them," said the boy, "They're always dangerous at such times, but it'll be well to be keeping an eye on them. There's no telling what they might take a notion to do at a time like this. They know



As they sat there a shout rang out

how we fought the thing."

"Are the dogs harnessed?"

"Yes."

Francis knew what was in his sister's mind; there was no need that she express it in words. For months now they had lived in an atmosphere of terror. There would be, now and then, two or three weeks of quiet, but they knew that these periods

meant only that the supply of raw moon-shine whiskey had been exhausted, and that the carouse would be resumed as soon as more molasses, flour, sugar and yeast had soured sufficiently to enable the natives to boil it for the liquor. This they did over a slow fire, allowing the steam to pass through a rifle-barrel, which in turn passed through a keg of ice, used as a condenser. A bucket at the end of the rifle-barrel caught the "hooch," which was more than fifty per cent alcohol. Only two months before, a woman, in a drunken stupor, had rolled into a fire and been burned to death. Not many years before, the Government man at Cape Prince of Wales had been shot with a whale gun by three drunken natives.

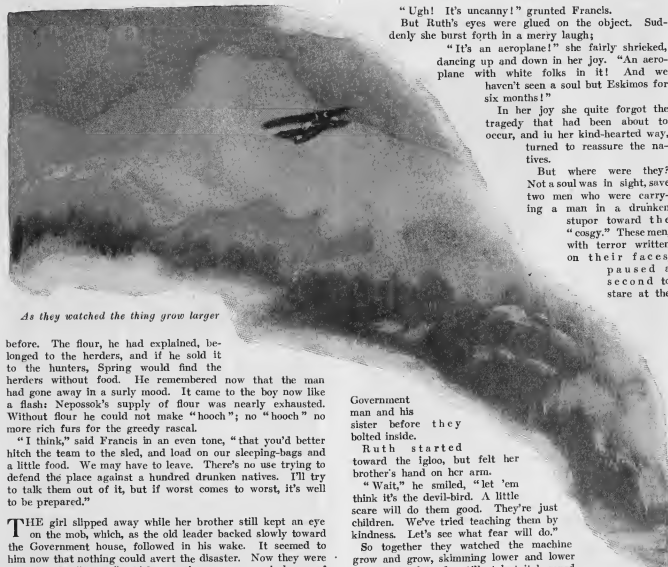
THE two young people had determined to stick to their post to the last, but if necessity demanded, there was their dog-team waiting for the "long trail." And "long" indeed, it was. Stretching two hundred miles over the sea and tundra, marked only by the track of the last sled passing, which a blizzard might obliterate at any hour, it offered a doubtful alternative to sticking at their post.

There were many reasons why they should not take to flight: There were many loyal, sober natives who needed the little protection they could offer; and chief among these were the reindeer boys. All these were sober and industrious. Their supplies of flour, sugar, baking powder, bacon and tea were held in trust by the Government man, and given out as they were needed. If he deserted his post, they would almost surely be taken by the drunken natives.

"If I could only find that still and destroy it!" said Francis, as they stepped out into the keen, clear winter air; "There cannot be more than one closed vat, so if only I could discover where that is hidden there could be no more 'hooch.'"

What they saw alarmed them greatly. The entire village had gathered a short distance from the Government house; many were under the influence of liquor. Before them, brandishing an old hunting rifle and talking loudly was Neposkok. It was this man that Francis had suspected most of running the still. The rich fox-skins, beaver, mink and martens were not being transferred from many igloos to his for nothing. Was it not probable that he was running the still, and trading the "hooch" for more valuable articles?

BUT what was he attempting to do now? He was pointing now and then toward the Government house. As he caught sight of the young superintendent and his sister, his speech grew louder, his gestures more frantic. Could it be that he was inciting them to an attack? Now and again Francis could catch words in his shouted harangue. Some of these were "Alongmet" (white man) and "Callenuk" (flour). Francis suddenly remembered that, to the man's manifest anger, he had refused to sell flour to Neposkok only the day



As they watched the thing grow larger

before. The flour, he had explained, belonged to the herders, and if he sold it to the hunters, Spring would find the herders without food. He remembered now that the man had gone away in a surly mood. It came to the boy now like a flash: Nepossok's supply of flour was nearly exhausted. Without flour he could not make "hooch"; no "hooch" no more rich furs for the greedy rascal.

"I think," said Francis in an even tone, "that you'd better hitch the team to the sled, and load on our sleeping-bags and a little food. We may have to leave. There's no use trying to defend the place against a hundred drunken natives. I'll try to talk them out of it, but if worst comes to worst, it's well to be prepared."

THE girl slipped away while her brother still kept an eye on the mob, which, as the old leader backed slowly toward the Government house, followed in his wake. It seemed to him now that nothing could avert the disaster. Now they were opposite the "cosgy," which was the common work house of the village; now they were by the house of Terogloono, the blind witch-doctor; now opposite the tumbled-down dug-out, once occupied by a Portuguese sailor. And now he could catch much that was being said by the wretch, Nepossok.

"I guess it won't be a bit of use to try to argue with them," said Francis, as Ruth returned. "You can't argue with a drunken white man, let alone a native. But I'm bound by duty to try."

"Oh, Francis!" murmured Ruth, putting a trembling hand on his shoulder, "do you think you ought to? You know, Mr. Turner, the Government chief, told you not to take chances, if things went wrong."

"I know, but think of the reindeer herders. The flour Nepossok wants belongs to them."

"I know," said his sister, then quickly, "But Francis! what has happened? See! They're all staring at something; something over toward the mountains. See! Even Nepossok has stopped talking and is staring, too."

They turned and looked toward the mountains. Clearly outlined against the snowy peaks was a black speck they had never seen before. They could not be mistaken, that bit of scenery was all too familiar. And as they watched, the thing grew larger.

"It's an eagle!" laughed Francis nervously. "He is much nearer than he seems and is flying this way."

But suddenly there came a great shout from the natives, "Azeeruk tingma-up-puk! Azeeruk tingma-up-puk!" (devil-bird! devil-bird!)

Without turning to look at the natives, brother and sister stared at the thing. No, it was not an eagle; did not fly right for that. But what could it be?

"Ugh! It's uncanny!" grunted Francis. But Ruth's eyes were glued on the object. Suddenly she burst forth in a merry laugh;

"It's an aeroplane!" she fairly shrieked, dancing up and down in her joy. "An aeroplane with white folks in it! And we haven't seen a soul but Eskimos for six months!"

In her joy she quite forgot the tragedy that had been about to occur, and in her kind-hearted way, turned to reassure the natives.

But where were they? Not a soul was in sight, save two men who were carrying a man in a drunken stupor toward the "cosgy." These men, with terror written on their faces, paused a second to stare at the

Government man and his sister before they bolted inside.

Ruth started toward the igloo, but felt her brother's hand on her arm.

"Wait," he smiled, "let 'em think it's the devil-bird. A little scare will do them good. They're just scared by children. We've tried teaching them by kindness. Let's see what fear will do."

So together they watched the machine grow and grow, skimming lower and lower over the level tundra, till at last it bumped along on the ground and stopped. Then they hastened out to welcome the voyagers.

AS he hurried forward, Francis glanced back at the village. It was as quiet as on a mid-winter night. Even the dogs had been dragged inside by their masters.

"Must be that the devil-bird likes dog meat," he chuckled.

The visitor proved to be Mr. Turner, the Government chief. Having been turned back by many blizzards from his annual trip up the coast, he had finally secured the service of an aeroplane and a pilot, and was making the points in this way. He listened to the moon-shine story, and the one of the devil-bird with great interest. Then, together, the three of them worked out a plan.

"I'll be back by here in five or six hours," He smiled, as he buckled himself into his seat, "if you need me further, fly your flag at half-mast and we'll alight. Otherwise, I'll assume that our plan worked."

As Francis walked back toward the village, one question filled his mind: Had the natives seen? He felt quite sure they had not. Their houses were built of logs and sod, with a long hallway of the same material leading to the door. There were no windows save a skylight, some eight feet above the floor. Francis could not imagine them propping themselves up to peer out of these windows.

"Most likely they're fighting for a place under the bed-shelves," he said to Ruth. "The old devil-bird must have very long legs and terrible talons. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he could stand on one foot a-top of one of those igloos and reach right down after some fat fellow with the other."

They had arrived at the "cosgy." This was a large place

and would contain a huge crowd of panic-stricken natives.

Leaving his sister outside, Francis bent down and hurried along the hallway and into the room, which, indeed, was crowded.

The occupants were surprised at seeing him, that was evident. And, indeed, why should they not be? Had not they seen him outside his house and the devil-bird very near?

The boy glanced about the room. Yes, there was the crafty Neposok.

"You can all come out," he smiled. "It's gone."

His smile seemed to frighten them more than a frown or a tremble might have done. He read on many a face the conviction, "He's in league with the old devil-bird!"

Turning to a young Eskimo, who spoke English, he said, "Tell them they can come out. It's gone. And tell Neposok I want that 'hooch' machine of his, want it in two hours."

The Eskimo boy fairly whispered the words from his dry throat, but the natives understood.

Some of the braver ones whispered a question back.

"Please," said the boy, "they want to know if it will come back?"

"I think it might," smiled Francis, "but not for five or six hours. And how about that 'hooch' machine!"

"I think,—think he'll get it," gasped the boy.

FRANCIS left the room, followed by the natives. Neposok began harnessing his team, while all together the natives kept up an eager chatter about him, each in turn glancing now and then toward the mountains. Francis did not understand what they said, but supposed they were urging him to do his duty.

But when he saw him drive from the village and out of sight over the ocean trail, which led to the ice-field hunting ground, he had misgivings. Was the old rascal only running away? But this was not for long. A great light broke in upon him: The moon-shine still was somewhere out there among the ice-piles in a house made of ice.

That was why he could not find it; why he might never have found it, had it not been for the return of the devil-bird in a new form.

But now,—had he won? Anxiously he waited, as moments crept on to an hour. Suddenly, when

The still was soon stored away behind lock and key in the Government house.

"We'll label that 'Exhibit A from Sitnezok,'" he said to his sister.

At first sight of the returning aeroplane, the streets were cleared. But the flag was not at half-mast, so after two long circling swoops, which gave the natives a very lasting impression of the Huh-huh-huh of his terrible wings, the new devil-bird went soaring away.

Francis had never intended to keep the natives in the dark as to the real nature of the new devil-bird. It was on the eve of his departure for the States, and back to college, when he had become very popular with the natives, partly because of the splendid catch of walrus and whale that had resulted from sober hunting crews, that he decided to tell them the joke.

SPEAKING through the interpreter, he explained it all to them very carefully. Soon they were laughing loudly.

"They're more clever than I thought they were," he said to his sister. "They've really seen the joke!"

But soon the natives were crowding around the interpreter, all trying to talk at once.

"What do they say!" asked Francis, when at last the interpreter seemed to have succeeded in collecting the messages.

"They say," repeated the Eskimo, "that you don't need to tell them things like that. They think you are very kind to try to make them not afraid. But if the devil-bird comes back, they must give him what he takes. It has always been that way. They say it is a very good joke you have told them. But who would believe it? How could a man be as big as the devil-bird and have wings? If he could, wouldn't he be worse than the devil-bird? And besides, did they not all see the devil-bird with their own eyes; yes, and hear his wings go Huh-huh-huh? No, they say you are very kind, but they know it was the devil-bird all right, just the same."

For fifteen minutes Francis argued the case, but finally, with a laugh he gave it up and went back to his packing.

When the brother and sister sailed away on the mail-steamer next day, amid the shouts and waving hands of their native friends, there rested a large crated object on the after-deck. It was marked "Exhibit A from Sitnezok" (Gift of the new devil-bird). And every passenger who saw it had to hear the story.

"Azeeruk
tingma—
up—puk!"

he was beginning to feel that he had been tricked again, he heard the shout of a driver, and around a point of ice came Neposok, urging his team forward at top speed. On his sled was the moon-shine still. His eyes often sought the mountains in a wild stare.



Under Two Eagles

By Corporal Paul Iogolevitch
and Godfrey M. Lebharr

CHAPTER IV

DEAD MAN'S SHOES

Illustrated by John R. Neill

THE next morning our division set off again, four cavalry regiments, the light artillery, the machine gun corps, the heavy batteries, aviation corps, the food transports, the hospital units. We had traveled about eight miles when our squadron was sent ahead on patrol work.

In the afternoon we came to an open plain near the village of Eragola. Our company was ordered to proceed to the village, the rest of the squadron following at a distance, a line of communication between our company and squadron being maintained by means of men stationed at distances of a quarter of a mile.

About midway between the plain where we had left our squadron and Eragola we met a peasant with a horse an cart.

"The Germans are at Eragola!" he shrieked. "Their cavalry arrived this morning—they turned us out of our houses—they made us dig trenches—they are preparing for more soldiers to come to-night! You will be outnumbered; you better turn back!"

Without comment, our commander, Panunsev, ordered us to proceed.

When we reached the outskirts of the village, two of our men were sent ahead to secure whatever information they could but they returned very soon and reported that they could not get near enough to the village, without showing themselves, to learn anything worth while, and they had not been fortunate enough to meet any of the villagers.

"We have with us, Porutchik," suggested Stassie, "a young soldier, who, underneath his uniform, wears a sailor-suit. Let him take off his uniform, forget for the moment that he is a soldier and walk boldly into Eragola as a civilian. Could anything be simpler!"

"That's a good idea, Stassie," responded Panunsev. "How about it, Iogolevitch?"

For answer, I tore off my blouse, got out of my trousers, and was ready to proceed. It was easy enough to start off—with the whole squadron looking on—but as I got further and further away from them and nearer and nearer to the village which I knew was occupied by the enemy, my heart beat fast.

Near the village I met an old Jew, and asked him the news. He was stone-deaf! However, he conducted me to his home, probably imagining that I was looking for a lodging. On the way I noticed several horses tied to a post. Little flags flew from the tops of the lances which had been left with the horses, but the riders were nowhere to be seen.

IN the hut was a young girl, the old man's daughter. I told her that I had just come in from one of the neighboring towns and was hungry; she was friendly and brought me some bread to eat.

"What was the meaning of the horses I noticed not far



"Put them on this minute or I'll mighty quick show you"

Paul's approach and who had hastily mounted. We returned their fire, and they fled—evidently unaware of the fact that we were but a handful.

Entering the village, Panunsev posted guards all around the place. We took possession of the Polish church and used its tower as an observation post.

Before long I lay down in the stable and fell asleep; but I slept only about an hour when I was aware of somebody shaking me and shouting in my ear.

"Get up, Paul, will you! The sergeant's outside." It was Sergey Wolinski, one of our men.

I pulled myself together, but could hardly get to my feet, my head seemed so heavy from fatigue and cold.

"Come now, Iogolevitch!" Sergeant Pirov ordered, as he entered the stable. "You are to relieve Stassie." Then he told me how to get to the spot where Stassie was posted.

I walked to the place the sergeant had indicated, but Stassie was nowhere to be seen. I hunted for him in the woods but it was more than half an hour before I found him.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't wait till morning, Paul!" he complained. "I've been on duty here for four hours and I'm ready to drop. Now then, get a move on you, will you?" He could see that I was still only half awake, and before he could leave me it was necessary for him to take me over the post I was to cover and give me all the instructions I was supposed to follow.

"There's only one thing more, Paul!" he concluded. "Being found asleep on post is the worst crime a soldier can commit. If the porutchik catches you, he may order me to shoot you cold. Now, be a good fellow, Paul, and keep awake, will you? I don't want any shooting practice to-night; I want to sleep!" Prodding me in the stomach with the butt of his rifle, he made off through the woods and I was left alone.

IT was pitch dark. I could not see three feet ahead of me. In the stillness of the night, the slightest rustling of the trees was magnified a thousand times. After a few minutes, I

from here?" I asked her. "They were tied to a post and there were lances with little flags at their heads. Are our troops in Eragola?"

"Why, don't you know, it's the Germans! They are in the village! They arrived this morning. All day long, they made the men dig the trenches—everybody in the village except some of the Jews, who could speak German, whom they used as interpreters to convey their orders to the rest. They told us that there would be many German soldiers here by to-night."

Thanking her for her kindness, I retraced my steps as fast as I could. I had heard enough.

I reported promptly to Porutchik Panunsev, and the order to march was given us. We galloped down the road and as we entered the village we were greeted with a volley of shots from the German cavalrymen, who had observed

became more accustomed to the darkness, and was able to pace up and down without walking into trees or tripping over the underbrush. The exercise aroused me. When I felt I was sufficiently awake to take care of myself, I found a nice place in the shrubbery and decided to lie down and use it as a listening post. Sentry duty in such a spot as this was a case of listening more than watching anyhow, and I could hear better lying down than when I was pacing up and down. As I strained my ears for strange sounds, the silence seemed to become more pronounced. Time and time again, as a twig would break or a bird would flutter from one tree to another, I felt sure that someone was advancing and I would raise my piece nervously to my shoulder and challenge the supposed intruder.

"Who goes there!" I would shout, as fiercely as I could. My voice sounded very peculiar in the night air, echoing through the trees. There was never any response to my challenges.

It was very cold, but I am free to confess I was covered with perspiration from the excitement of my vigil. In the few hours that I was on watch that night, I think every incident in my whole life passed before me in review, but perhaps the episode which came before me most distinctly was that interview with Boris in our bed-room when I had revealed to him my purpose to enlist.

"You enlist! Why you're even afraid to sleep alone, Paul, and you know it!" he had remarked satirically.

Goodness knows this night I was not afraid to sleep alone,—sleep would have been a happy relief—but to stay awake in that silent forest, waiting, waiting for a possible shot or bayonet thrust from out the dark—that made me sweat, and I don't mind admitting it!

FOR company's sake, I thought I would walk to the end of my post and pass the hour of night with the sentinel who was covering the adjoining post. I waited at the spot where our posts met. Five minutes—ten minutes—fifteen minutes passed, and he did not appear. I whistled low—thinking that he too might have established a listening post somewhere in the vicinity—but got no response. Dawn was beginning to break and the darkness was not so intense. I peered through the shrubbery, but I could see nothing.

I was about to give up my quest when I thought I noticed something moving carefully through the shrubbery.

"Halt!" I shouted, bringing my piece to my shoulder and taking careful aim.

There was no answer and the movement stopped. Thinking I had been mistaken and not wishing to alarm the guard by firing unnecessarily, I lowered my rifle and walked away about ten feet, figuring that if the movement I thought I had noticed had indeed been that of an intruder, my ruse would lead him to resume his original plan, when Bang!—a gun went off not six feet from me and a bullet whizzed right past my head!

I dropped to the ground instantly but before I could take aim and fire, a second shot rang out and a bullet grazed my gun near the trigger and knocked the piece out of my hands.

Picking up the gun by the sling, I ran for cover, blowing my guard whistle as loud as I could. As I did so a figure jumped up from the ground and disappeared in the woods.

A moment later, the rest of the guard was around me.

"What's the matter, Paul?" they asked me, all at once, excitedly.

I explained to the sergeant the cause of the firing, showing him the abrasion of my rifle where the bullet had grazed it.

"Where's Kuzmov?"

What was he doing?"

Kuzmov was the senti-

nel covering the adjoining post. I was unable to answer their questions. I had not seen him all night.

The sergeant blew a whistle, which was the signal for the sentry to report, but Kuzmov did not appear in response to it. After waiting several minutes, we were detailed as a searching party to find him.

The thought that worried me as we beat about the bushes was: "Suppose I find Kuzmov asleep, what shall I do?"

Suddenly from one of our men came the cry: "Here he is!" Running over to where I had first noticed the moving object I found the sergeant and one or two men bending over the form of poor Kuzmov. He was indeed asleep—the sleep from which there is no awakening. His body was so full of bayonet wounds that it looked like a sieve; his head was crushed almost beyond recognition. But for his form and his uniform, we should not have been sure of his identity.

Some of the soldiers went through his clothes to check his effects, but I walked away. The sight had sickened me. The thought that I might have been in his shoes and suffered his fate made me shudder. His glassy eyes, which remained open, haunted me. I can see them now. In the days that were to come I was to see death many times and in various forms, but it was something to which I never became callous.

I was relieved from further sentry duty at once—my watch was nearly up anyway—and went back to the village.

When I reached the hut where our company was quartered, one of our men threw me a pair of boots which he had been examining rather closely.

"Better take 'em, Paul," he declared. "You're entitled to them and they're smaller than the ones you are wearing, too. You can have the overcoat, too, if you want it. It has some blood-stains on it and there are some ugly holes in it, but it is better than none."

From his reference to the coat, I inferred that it, as well as the boots, had belonged to poor Kuzmov, and I let the latter lie where he had thrown them. I could not bear to handle them—much less to wear them.

"What's the matter, Paul? Aren't they good enough for you?" he asked, noticing that I had apparently rejected them.

"No, Demetri, I think they're too big," I answered, indifferently, and then, not wanting to appear chicken-hearted, I picked them up and pretended that I was going to appropriate them.

Later, I was depositing them behind an old chest of drawers, when Stassie entered the room.

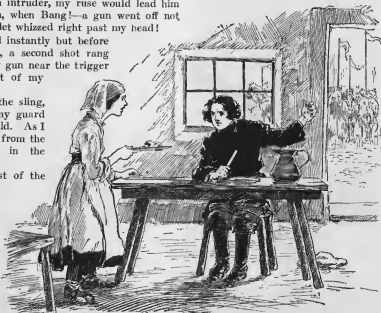
"For the love of Peter, what are you doing with that perfectly good pair of boots, Paul?" he demanded.

"Why, Stassie, they belonged to poor Kuzmov," I answered

in a tone of awe that I could not disguise. "I'd rather go barefooted than wear them."

"You idiot! You poor fiddler! Don't you know a dead man's boots are the luckiest you can wear? Put them on this minute or I'll mighty quick show you the ones you have on are the unluckiest you ever wore!"

Stassie was so excited about it that I complied and, disgusted as I was, put on the blood-stained boots. In the months that followed, I soon forgot their uncanny association, but if the charm they bore helped to pull me through the dangers I encountered, it certainly did not operate to keep me out of them!



"What was the meaning of the horses I noticed not far from here?" I asked her

CHAPTER V

COLD STEEL

A FEW hours later we were again on the march and came at length to the outskirts of the village of Betigola where, we were told, quite a force of Germans was in possession.

Panunsev informed us that we, a squadron of about 130 men, were to take the village at the point of the bayonet. We dismounted, and leaving a few men to guard the horses and the equipment we did not need, fixed our bayonets and marched down the road. Broken telegraph wires and other signs indicated that the Germans had captured the village only after a bitter fight.

We had a machine gun and it was placed upon a slight rise in the ground. Part of our men were ordered off to the right flank, to make their way through the woods, and another body was sent to the left. When we were all properly placed, a signal was given, and we began to move forward on our hands and knees.

Crawling along in this way we came upon some trenches which some of our men were ordered to occupy to cover us if we were compelled to retreat.

We had advanced within perhaps five hundred yards of the village when the enemy's patrol spied us and opened fire from the houses.

Our machine gun was fired and a moment later the enemy came charging at it, figuring no doubt that it represented the center of our attacking force.

I was with the party that had been told off to the right. As the Germans rushed down the road, past the point where we lay concealed in the shrubbery, I could hardly restrain myself from getting to my feet and charging at them.

"Steady there!" commanded Sergeant Pirov, in a low voice. I was trembling a little with excitement. The gun I carried seemed very heavy, but I realized that it was the best friend I had at the minute and I clutched it firmly.

"Now then, men, let them have it! Charge!" the sergeant shouted.

We scrambled to our feet and charged full tilt against the passing Huns. They were headed straight down the road and did not expect to be attacked on the flank. I did not pick out anyone in particular, but suddenly I realized that the whole fight had narrowed itself down, so far as I was concerned, to a single combat.

Before me was a huge German brandishing his gun, which he held by the muzzle and had swung far above his head. I got one short glimpse of his huge figure, and one of the things that impressed me was, that he wore a cap instead of the customary helmet, and around his body were three belts of bullets.

That was all I saw because then I shut my eyes and thrust my bayonet

blindly towards him. It pierced his body just above the heart, and loosened his hold on the rifle which went hurtling through the air, and the next moment he fell forward on top of me, knocking me to the ground.

I lay still for a moment, stunned by the fall, in which my head struck the ground heavily, and then pushing the unconscious form of the German from me, I got to my feet, withdrew my bayonet from his body and followed my comrades.

WE took Betigola, which was partly in flames. From the roof of one of the buildings which was intact, we kept up a machine gun fire after the fleeing Germans as long as they were in range, and then, establishing a bucket brigade, we endeavored to stop the spread of the flames in the village.

An hour or so later we were joined by the rest of our division and the little village resumed its normal appearance.

The next day our squadron was ordered to advance towards the city of Rossiency, of which thirty or forty thousand Germans were in possession. It was not expected, of course, that our little squadron of 130 men should attack the Huns. Our job was merely to harass the German scouts and patrols and at the same time feel the way for the advance of our own forces.

Wherever possible, we proceeded through the woods. It was not easy going even in the day-time, but at night—and it got to be dark about four o'clock in the afternoon—it was particularly difficult.

At dawn we penetrated the woods and our advance guards reported that through their field-glasses they could see a force of Germans occupying an estate and Sointsev decided to wait until dark before moving against the enemy.

All day long we were kept in the woods. Our scouts reported that the forces of Germans had been increased, several detachments of infantry

(Continued on page 61)



Before me was a huge German brandishing his gun

Boy Scouts in the Wilderness

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull

DAWSON'S grip tightened on Will's throat until everything went black before him, with only the murderous eyes of the outlaw shining through the darkness. Teasing Joe from the half-breed who was holding him, Dawson suddenly threw both boys like sacks of meal through the open door of the shack. Will came to himself a minute later to find Joe bending anxiously over him. The gang had hurried out to see if there were others coming and for a minute or so the boys were left alone. Joe had just time to whisper to Will, "No talk, no talk, play dumb, else we lose cabin," when their captors burst into the shack.

"There's no one at the entrance and no signs of any tracks," they heard Dawson say to the others in a snarling voice. "What are you," he roared at the boys. "How did you get here anyway?"

Remembering their agreement with the lumber-king that if they spoke to anyone during the month they lost the promised prize, both boys kept still. Shaking their heads and looking steadily at the men, they made no sound. When the giant approached them threateningly Will had an idea. Waving his arms grandly skyward he pointed first to himself and then to Joe. Undoubtedly this gesture and their silence saved their lives. The half-breed and the Indian were both superstitious and felt that there was something supernatural about two naked boys who could not speak and who seemed to have dropped from the sky.

Dawson was not so easily impressed. From what he said to the others it was evident that he suspected that the boys were crazy and had escaped from some asylum into the woods. In that case it would be safer to take them a long distance from Black Hill and let them loose where they could be found rather than chance the continued search which their permanent disappearance might bring about. On the other hand, they might be spies of the Canadian mounted police.

"I don't know whether you young devils are playing with me or not," he growled after studying them for some time in silence. "We'll just tie you up until I find out. If you are—" and he drew his hand slowly and significantly across his throat.

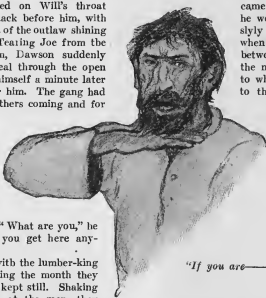
It took all the nerve Will had to keep from trembling as he looked into that evil face. Joe was as impassive as ever. At a signal from Dawson the half-breed tied their arms behind their backs with strips of raw-hide and they were dumped down on a bed of leaves, while Dawson went out to feed the hounds, which, apparently, he alone could control, taking with him the little pouch in which lay the pink pearl, that he had taken from Will's neck.

CHAPTER XI THE ESCAPE

THE boys lay in silence all the rest of that afternoon. When evening came a little camp-fire was lighted and the men gathered around it and cooked their evening meal. No one seemed to think of them but, after the others had eaten, the Indian came over and looked for a long time at Joe. Finally he touched the boy's high cheek-bones and stiff black hair with his hand.

"You redman too," he grunted.

A little later he came back with a rough bowl full of venison stew in which floated several boiled potatoes. Neither of the boys had eaten since morning and that stew smelled better than anything they had ever tasted. The Indian loosened the thongs which bound Joe's right hand, leaving the other arm still tied up, and placed the bowl so that he could reach it. Before he touched a thing, Joe worked away at Will's fastenings until he, too, had a hand free. When they had emptied the bowl and scraped and polished the inside of it, the Indian



"If you are—"

came back and tied them up for the night. As he wound the straps around Joe's arm, the boy slyly stiffened his muscles so that afterwards, when he relaxed, there was considerable play between his arms and the thongs. Just before the men turned in for the night, Dawson went to where the dogs were tied and led them over to the rude, ladder-like path down which he thought the boys had come. As he fastened the fierce brutes to the tree at the foot of the path, he looked at the boys significantly.

"If you fellows try any funny business," he growled, "them hounds'll rip you up in about thirty seconds."

Hour after hour of that long night went by—the longest which either of the boys had ever known. Around them slept the men and every now and then one of the dogs outside would give a long, shuddering howl. Joe managed, soon after midnight, to work his right hand and arm out from the loosened thongs. That done, it was only a matter of minutes before he was entirely free.

Then he untied the hard knots which held Will. For a long time both boys worked to rub the numbness out of their arms and legs.

Joe waited until that gray hour just before the dawn had come when men sleep most soundly. Then, with infinite care, he led the way past the sleepers. It was necessary to step over Dawson who, wrapped in his blanket, lay across the entrance. In the dim light of the setting moon the white of his eyes showed from under the half-shut lids and his face looked like the face of a fiend.

AS they stepped out of the door, the corner of the rock hid them from the chained dogs. Once beyond that the dogs would certainly sense them and give the alarm. Their only hope would be to reach the entrance to the secret passage before the men were awakened by the alarm. Each boy crouched down beside the rock like two sprinters on their marks and suddenly shot around the rock within a yard of the chained hounds.

Two of them seemed to be sleeping, but the old bitch, fiercer and more wary than the younger dogs, was on her feet in a second. Straining against the heavy chain, she snapped viciously at the boys and as they passed her gave a yelling bay that sounded more like some furious wild beast than a dog. In a moment the sleepers were aroused. As the boys sped through the dark they heard the fierce voice of Dawson.

"Wake up!" he shouted. "I knew we ought to have got rid of those boys. I'll untie the dogs. They can't be far away. When we catch 'em this time, we'll take no more chances."

The maddened hounds strained so at their chains that it was a minute or so before the outlaw could free them. That little start was all that the boys needed. Running down the path as they had never run before, they came to the small hole blocked with earth through which they had wormed their way the day before. As, with their bare hands they opened up the hole, Joe tried to make Will go in first, but Will would have none of it.

"You're younger," he whispered. "Anyway I got you into this and you're going to have the first chance to get away," and he pushed the reluctant boy into the opening.

It seemed to Will as if Joe would never work his way through, for the hole was smaller from the outside than it had been from inside the tunnel. He dug and tore frantically at the burrow, scattering the sand and earth behind him like a woodchuck. At last he managed to force his shoulders through. Will could hear Dawson cursing the dogs as he tried to unleash them. If the hounds reached them before they



Down the trail, howling like a demon, came the bitch

could block the passage their last chance of life was gone and they would die like rats in a trap.

Just as a yell from the outlaw and a roaring bay from the great hound showed that the latter was at last loose, Joe disappeared and Will plunged in after him not a second too soon. Down the trail, howling like a demon, came the bitch, with the other two hard on her heels.

Will had just time to pull himself through the hole and, with Joe's help, to roll up a round boulder against the opening. Then they turned and raced down the black winding passage now running against the rocky wall as the trail wound here and there, and sometimes tripping and falling over stones without a thought of the bruises and the blood that streamed down their faces, for they knew that death was on their trail in the dark. As they ran they heard the hounds scratching and barking at the rock which blocked the hole. In a moment the men had joined the pack.

"Here they are," exclaimed Dawson. "Wait till I get this rock out and we'll let the dogs finish the young foxes."

THE boys reached the edge of the pool just as one hound after another scrambled into the entrance of the tunnel above them. So swiftly did the hunting pack follow that, as the fugitives dived into the inky, motionless water, the snaky muzzle of the foremost hound thrust itself around the first corner of the passage not ten feet away.

Down through the water-filled shaft the two shot and out into the main pool. With desperate stroke they flashed up through the deep water. Just when it seemed impossible to

last another second they broke the surface and, faint and gasping, reached the bank. Will was all for pushing on, but Joe held him back.

"Wait," he said. "If dogs follow, we can fight 'em better here."

Will saw the sound sense of this. Slipping on their clothes, each seized a couple of heavy, jagged bits of rock to brain the first dog that should come up through the pool. But the hounds did not follow. From underground they heard a babble of voices and the yelps of the hounds as they refused to take the water. Then the voices became fainter and died away.

"If they want to get us," said Will, as they hurried down the trail, "they'll have to go down on the other side of the mountain and around. By that time we'll be so far away they'll never find us."

Joe was not so sure.

"That big chap he do something yet," he prophesied. "He had one."

They hurried down the path up which they had plodded a day or so before. Neither one knew that the dogs from which they had so narrowly escaped were of a blood-hound strain nor the danger of the open trail which they were leaving. They passed the carcajou's den and followed Beaver Brook. The sun was just showing clear among the trees when Joe stopped and listened. From far up the mountain side sounded the long howl of a hunting dog which grew louder and nearer every second.

"They're after us," said Will, turning very white. "They must have had a secret path down the cliff. If we can only get to the cabin, we can telephone for help and stand them off until it comes."

JOE answered not a word, but led the way with the tireless lope which he had learned on many a long hunt in the far-away Barrens. The sound of the hounds, although clearly heard in the still air, was yet a long way off. The boys raced down the slope and along the side of Beaver Brook. Yet no matter how fast they went, the fierce belling of the pack behind them sounded louder and louder. Finally, as the dogs came out from behind the corner of the cliff and swung into the long, straight way by the brookside their baying burst out so loud and clear that the boys stopped and looked back, thinking that the black hounds had sighted them at last. The sound, however, had been carried through the long valley as if through a funnel and the pack was not yet in sight.

"We'll never get to the shack much less the cabin," gasped Will.

Joe pointed ahead to where Beaver Pond showed in the distance.

"We make pond before dogs see us, we swim down to beaver-lodge and be safe."

Will made no answer, but ran as he had never run before, with Joe always a stride or so ahead. As they came to the pond and plunged in the dogs were still not in sight. A minute later a chorus of howls and barks showed that the pack was in full cry on the fresh trail.

The boys swam low in the water and, although their pursuers had reached the upper end of the pond before they came to the lodge, the dogs did not sight them in the water. Without a splash they dived down and swam through the still water to the entrance which they had used weeks before.

In another minute they were safe within the warm, round dome and lying at full length on the shelf inside. As they came in they heard the startled plunges of the beaver going out on the other side. From overhead through the water and the thick thatch of their refuge they heard faintly the sounds of the pack and at last the hoarse shouts of the men. At the point where the trail took to the water the dogs checked.

"Here's where they took to the water," sounded Dawson's voice. "They must have landed somewhere. Separate the dogs and circle the whole pond and we'll pick up the trail."

For nearly two hours the boys heard the fierce shouts of

the men and the yelps and bays of the puzzled dogs as they went back and forth and around and around the lake. Finally toward the end of the morning the sounds died away.

"We'll stay right here until dark," said Will. "They'll get tired of hunting for us and go back. Then we'll slip off and hike for the cabin."

"Me for big sleep," agreed Joe, and the boys curled up on the soft dry grass which covered the shelf and slept until late in the afternoon. They woke up towards sunset fiercely hungry. It seemed a week since that great bowl of venison stew.

Joe began to fumble around at the bottom of the hut where the beaver had already made a neat pile of food-sticks, the beginning of the winter supplies. He pawed them over and finally pulled one out about four feet long and commenced to gnaw the bark like an over-grown hungry beaver. Will got one sniff of the sweet, fragrant black-birch, grabbed the other end and gnawed away even faster than his companion. They kept it up until they met in the middle of the stick and had each swallowed some feet of green birch-bark. It was not very good food, but at least it filled their hungry stomachs and was better than nothing.

WHEN at last they were unable to see any gleam of light through the tiny air-holes, they crept down to the entrance, and made their way without a sound to the edge of the shore and in a minute were following the familiar trail which led to their camp. It was a black, starless night. The woods were full of sighs and murmurings, as an uneasy wind wandered through the upper branches. They stole along, feeling that their lives depended upon their silence, for it might well be that the enemy were lying in ambush beside this well-marked path. Gradually, in the darkness, the shapes of well-known objects began to loom up. In the depths of a thicket under a huge beech was hidden their store-house, made of woven wattled boughs, where they kept a supply of dried venison and smoked fish and wicker baskets of dried berries.

Silently they crept through the thicket, undid the bar of the door and reached up to the long strips of savory venison on the upper shelves. Never was a meal more enjoyed. Not until they had eaten most of the meat and smoked trout and tucked away the rest in the pockets of their deer-skin shirts and emptied a few baskets of dried berries for dessert, did they stop.

"Better than birch-bark," whispered Will, as they slipped out of the store-house and slunk down the trail to drink deep in the cold spring. Just back of that was the "weapon-tree," as Will had christened a thorn-bush on which they hung their

clubs, axes and bows when not in use. In the dark they fumbled around until Will's fingers closed on the well-worn handle of Brain-biter and he swung it by its thong over his shoulder. At the same time Joe found his bow and quiver filled with a dozen arrows. Will had his pouch full of throwing-stones and after Joe had fastened a short round-headed war-club to his belt they started on toward the shack, fully armed.

In the dim light they could see the wood-pile and the black opening of the door-way. Though there was no sound, the Indian sensed something hostile. With a quick movement he pulled Will down on the ground and, motioning to him to lie quiet, wormed his way along the path until he came to the door-way. As he started to creep in his head almost touched the body of a man lying asleep just inside. Joe drew back like a flash and waited. He could hear the sound of deep breathing and finally rose to his feet and looked in. For nearly five minutes Will could see him standing motionless, peering and listening through the darkness. Then he stole back, lay down beside his companion and whispered into his ear:

"They all there asleep. Dogs away. We sneak down trail to cabin."

"Not until I get my pearl," Will whispered back.

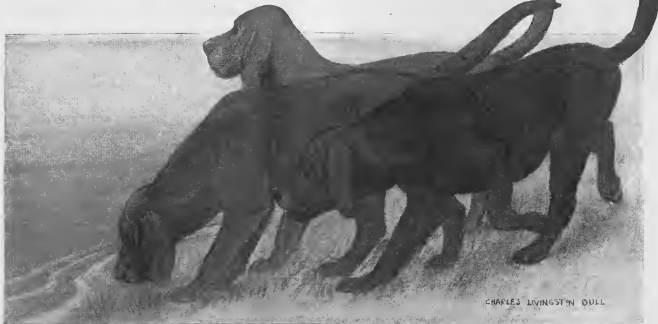
Joe looked at him long.

"I'm with you, Chief," he said finally.

WITHOUT another word they flitted like shadows to the open door where Will stood until he could make out the dim outlines of the sleepers inside. The one across the threshold was the Indian. At the right was a huge bulk which they knew must be Dawson. Around his neck presumably he wore the leather pouch with the pearl. Stepping carefully over the Indian the boys stood and looked down upon the sleeping giant. He was lying flat on his face and his huge arms entirely hid his throat. Bending down close to him Will could just make out the dark line of the cord. Will was about to snap the cord with one quick jerk, but Joe guessed what he was about to do and pulled him gently back.

Like the Spartan boys of old, the Indian had been trained by his tribe in the lore of theft. Pushing Will to one side, he stooped down and began to blow softly at a spot directly between the sleeper's shoulders. At first it had no effect. Then, as the persistent

(Continued on page 53)



CHARLES LIVINGSTON OULL

At the point where the trail took to the water the dogs checked

Don Strong--American

By William Heyliger

Illustrated by Walt Louderback



"The tent's
blown down."

CHAPTER XII

THE CAMP OF THE TWINS

FOR about a mile the boat went steadily down stream. The storm clouds were now more menacing and the stillness of the evening was punctuated by sullen growls of thunder. Bobby, recovering his breath, sat in the stern.

Presently the boat turned its nose in toward the bank, and Joe pulled in his oars and turned about and faced the passenger. His face wore a broad grin. Bobby gave a pleased chuckle.

"I guess them scout fellows ain't feelin' so nifty just now," Joe said genially. "We aimed for to get you out, Bobby, and I guess we done it."

"I was afraid I wouldn't get away," Bobby confessed. "Don thought that something was up. I took a chance signaling from the camp."

"Oh, Don!" Joe snapped his fingers. "He ain't so much. I knowed we'd fool him."

"Quit your gahhin'," Pete cried, "and watch the boat. I ain't alimin' to run on no mud flat."

Joe watched the shore and cried directions. The speed of the boat slowed down to a crawl. It seemed to Bobby that they were looking for a place to run to land; but suddenly Joe called "Port, Pete; port," and the boat swung to one side and darted forward. What looked to be a solid wall of brush parted gently as they reached it. They went through and found themselves in a narrow inlet that was completely shut out from the river.

The inlet was too narrow to permit rowing. Joe knelt beside Bobby, ran an oar over the stern and began to scull. For perhaps a hundred yards they cruised in this fashion, and then the inlet ended. Pete sprang ashore and pulled the boat up to where high tide would not reach it.

THE camp stood not twenty feet away. Two stout branches had been thrust into the ground, another branch had been lashed horizontally as a ridge pole and over this a strip of canvas had been bent to make a tent. It was low and not any too wide; and Bobby wondered how three boys could sleep under it.

The tent stood in a cleared space, but all around it were great trees. The sun had gone down and in here among the trees the air was chill. Bobby was glad to clothe himself.

"Where will I put these?" he asked, holding his scout uniform, shoes, haversack and blanket.

"Chuck 'em in the tent," said Joe.

Bobby hesitated. Some of the twins' clothing was scattered under the canvas, and a dirty, rumpled blanket was piled at

one side.

"Well," Joe demanded, "ain't it good enough for you? I guess they wasn't no marble floors over at the scout camp."

Bobby threw in his things. The scout camp, at least, had had order and neatness. Pete, swinging a pail, took him farther in among the trees and showed him where to get water. When they came back Joe was cleaning fish for supper. He scaled them, opened them up the middle and cast the insides upon the ground. A swarm of flies settled to the feast.

BOBBY had not noticed the flies; now as he looked they seemed to be everywhere. A can of molasses had not been tightly closed, and the cover was black with the huzzing pests. Pete rinsed a pot and threw the water upon the ground. Next he opened a tin of beans and dumped the beans in the pot. One fly, two, three, pounced upon the food.

"You ought not to throw things around like that," Bobby protested.

"No?" Joe looked at him in surprise. "What's the harm?"

"It draws flies. They're into everything."

"Well, what o' it? Flies don't hurt nothin', do they?"

"They're filthy," said Bobby. "They spread disease."

The twins roared with laughter.

"Ain't that a hot one?" Joe cried. "Here's me and you been livin' around flies all our lives, Pete, and we've been diseased and didn't know it. I ain't never seed any diseased flies, did you, Pete?"

Pete shook his head. "They's always pretty danged lively."

"Then how can they give anybody disease?" Joe demanded triumphantly. "If they ain't got nothing how can you ketch it from them?"

Bobby told how flies walked through all kinds of filth and carried it with them to anything that they touched. He mentioned germs.

"What's germs?" asked Joe.

Bobby tried to explain, but made sorry work of it. Joe moved one hand quickly, caught a fly, and held it out.

"Here, show me one of them germs."

"You can't see them," Bobby said weakly.

At that the twins sent forth another roar of laughter. Joe, shaking with merriment, went on cleaning the fish.

"Scout lies," Pete said soberly. "That's all it is. How can somethin' be if you can't see it?"

Bobby made a last defense. "You can see them under a microscope."

"Did you ever see any?"

"N—no."

"Scout lies," Pete said again. "Remember the dog we owned once, Joe, that used to ketch flies and eat 'em? He didn't get no disease."

BOBBY had no great desire for supper. He ate some of the fish and a small helping of beans from the bottom of the pot. He wanted coffee—but when Joe brought out an opened can of condensed milk with a dead fly in the thick mixture, he decided to drink his coffee black.

"He's feared o' a dead fly," Joe cried. "Ain't that a hot one?"

After supper Joe and Pete lay contentedly on their backs and began to smoke. The plates, the pot, the frying pan, were left out in the open.

"Aren't you going to wash up?" Bobby asked.

"Lots o' time," said Joe. "We don't eat again 'till tomorrow. What's the rush? We comed up here for a good time."

Bobby went down to the water with his eating kit. The twins watched him with vast amusement. When the job was done he came back to his friends—but the glamour had faded from his escape.

"How has the fishing gone?" he asked after a silence.

"We ain't doin' none," said Pete.

Bobby sat upright. He had money invested in this business. "You said we'd get fish up here."

"We got a lot the first day," Pete explained. "We can't go for to take fish back to Chester everyday, and they ain't no way to keep them fresh. We ain't got no ice. We didn't think of that."

Bobby grew gloomier. "How about my money?" he asked. "How about ourn?" said Joe.

The twins smoked on in silence. There was no merry campfire, no singing, no rollicking good time.

Bobby crept under the spread of canvas. The low-hung tent was hot and the three boys filled every inch of it. Joe and Pete speedily dropped off to sleep, but Bobby lay awake. Joe's elbow was in his ribs and, try as he would, he could not relieve the pressure. It seemed years ago that he had thrilled with excitement at the thought of a care-free existence with the twins. As a matter of fact the thrill had been with him all that day. Now it was gone.

SINCE early afternoon the threat of storm had been constant. The heavens still growled ominously. Faint lightning flashes lit the earth with feeble flutterings. Bobby sighed. By degrees, even in spite of the elbow in his ribs, his weary body relaxed and he slept.

He awoke from a frantic dream of struggling under water to escape from boys who grappled him and tried to hold him under. And then it ceased to be a dream. He *was* struggling, and he *was* wet. Something stifling was over him and smothering him. He made a frightened, desperate effort to be free.

"Can't you keep still?" Joe yelled. "We's tryin' to get out."

"The tent's blown down," gasped Pete.

The storm had broken. Rain was lashing about and the ground was drenched with running water. A minute later Bobby crawled from under the wreckage out into as wild a night as he had ever known. The tree tops were bent with the force of the wind. The lightning flashes showed Joe and Pete looking like drowned rats.

"We got to beat it up into the woods," Pete cried. He and Joe ran toward the timber. Bobby waited to gather his clothing. It was saturated, but he took it under his arm and followed the twins.

In the part of the woods where the trees were thickest they came to a halt, panting. Here only a little of the rain came through. They sat under the trees and waited miserably for the end of the deluge. With the rain the night had turned cold, and now they began to shiver.

Bobby thought of the scouts, probably safe and dry in their sound tents across the river, and he bit his lips and blinked his eyes.

The hours dragged along. After a long, long wait, the rain lessened and then stopped. The thunder grew faint in the distance. The wind died down. The only sound was the drip, drip, drip of water from the leaves. Joe, who had been morosely silent all during the night, roused himself.

"Fee's like morning," he said. "Let's get out in the open and look around."

"I haven't a dry stitch," Bobby gulped.

"Oh, shut up!" Joe growled. "You ain't the only one."

THEY found the open space where the camp had been pitched and surveyed what was left of their belongings. The tent was lying in a patch of mud, and the blankets were a tumbled, soggy heap. The can of condensed milk was gone. The molasses can was lying on its side and most of the sticky fluid had run out. The cooking utensils were full of water.

Joe shivered. "Somebody rustle up some dry wood," he said crossly. "I want a drink o' coffee."

"Coffee's gone, too," said Pete. A moment later they found the grounds spread out in the mud. Joe scooped them up, dirt and all.

"Get the wood," he said. "We'll dry this stuff by the fire and sift out the dirt."

Bobby, moving without spirit, found some dry wood. Soon there was a sputtering fire. While Pete tried to heat water, Joe patiently watched the dirt cake in his pot as the heat evaporated the rain. Sifting out the dirt, however, was a difficult matter.

"Oh, pshaw!" Joe exploded suddenly; "a little dirt ain't



"You ought not to throw things around like that."

goin' to kill nobody." He dumped a handful of the grounds into the water that Pete had succeeded in bringing to a boil.

"Got to drink it without sugar and milk," said Pete.

The mixture looked like no coffee Bobby had ever seen. He tried to tell himself that the boiling had sterilized everything, but one mouthful of the hot liquid was enough. But the drink seemed to put new life into his companions.

"Let's go out and get us some fish for breakfast," Joe proposed.

Bobby ate his fish to the last morsel. He felt as though his insides were hollow. The twins spread out blankets, tent canvas and clothing to dry in the sun. Beyond that they did nothing to set the camp to rights.

"Can't do nothin' 'till the sun dries things out," said Pete. "Might as well rest."

The look on Bobby's face was far from happy. In a dim way he began to see that it was simply contrariness that had got him into this mess. The others had ordered him to cut away from Joe and Pete, they had criticized his friendship, they had aroused his hostility—and he just wouldn't cut away. Of course, he had really wanted to go camping and fishing with the twins. The picture they had painted had been alluring. He was used to camping, and liked it. But he had not dreamed that the twins' camp would be anything like this. Its carelessness, its lack of system, its dirt, ran contrary to everything that Mr. Wall had taught him before the Scoutmaster had joined the army.

OF course, he could go back to the Troop. He stared out at where the river showed blue and sun-kissed through the trees. No; he couldn't, either. If he went back he would have to go and confess his mistake, go with hanging head and with muttered apologies. What he called his pride balked at such an end to his adventure. He—he'd stick it out. But nobody, he vowed, would ever again ensnare him in a fix like this.

Joe took his pipe from his mouth and pointed toward the river. "Visitors," he said. "They must have borried a boat from somebody."

Bobby, aroused from his meditations, looked out at the stream. Don and Tim Lally, in a flat-bottomed skiff, were rowing slowly.

"Let's go down," Joe said humorously, "and give 'em the laugh." Bobby sat where he was.

"Comin'?" Pete asked.

Bobby shook his head.

"You ain't scared, are you?" Joe demanded. "We's on our own side o' the river now. Let's go down."

But Bobby remained seated. The twins sauntered through the trees toward the river bank and presently hailed the boat. Bobby stood up and walked deeper into the timber. A long time afterwards he heard Don's voice:

"Bob-by! Bob-by!"

His heart began to beat faster, but he made no answer. By and by he returned to the shore.

"Why didn't you come out?" Joe grinned. "Don Strong wanted for to talk to you."

"What did he say?" Bobby asked.

"He said it wasn't too late for you to come back with the scout fellows. We told him somethin', didn't we, Pete? We told him you was sayin' you was sorry you hadn't come over sooner."

Bobby sighed and walked toward the camp to see if his clothing was dry.

Somehow he felt heavy hearted and unhappy. He struggled stubbornly against this feeling, but try as he did it mastered him. Something made him feel that everything was wrong.

CHAPTER XIII

THE RAID

LATE that afternoon Pete and Joe rowed away to a village down the river to get some bacon, coffee, sugar, salt, milk and flour. While they were gone, Bobby found a tree branch and a small stick with short, thick stems and proceeded to rake the camp. At the end of an hour he had wrought some semblance of order. The ground was clear, the pots and pans were put away where the flies could not reach them, and the refuse he had gathered was burning in a fire.

He went to the river and walked along the bank until he came in sight of the camp of Chester Troop. The tents showed dimly, but the flag, whipping in the breeze, was in plain sight. He sat on a fallen stump and watched until, with shouts and cheers, the scouts came charging down the embankment for their daily swim. Then he went back.

Joe and Pete had returned and were cooking supper. It was fish again—fish, and bread, and coffee, and molasses. The fish heads were lying on the freshly raked ground. Bobby looked at them and frowned.

"Mary Ann ain't stuck on our way o' doin' things," Joe grinned. Bobby stalked off in search of wood.

When he returned the meal was ready. But he was growing tired of fish, fish, fish. Perhaps Joe and Pete were growing tired of it, too, for near the end of the meal Pete inquired what "those scout fellows" had to eat.

"Fruit," said Bobby, "and vegetables, and lemonade and milk."

"What kind o' vegetables?" Pete was interested.

"Corn, tomatoes, potatoes, beans—oh, every kind."

"Where do they get 'em?"

"From Mr. Joyce."

"Who's Mr. Joyce?"

"He owns the farm where we were working."

"I'd like for to have things like that to eat," remarked Pete.

"Let's go get some tonight," Joe said eagerly.

"Get some?" Bobby looked at him suspiciously. "How?"

"Take 'em," Joe said impatiently.

"How do you think?"

"That's stealing," Bobby cried.

"Will you listen to the kid?" Joe said scornfully. He began to jeer and mock, and Pete took part in the demonstration. Bobby stood his ground.

Finding that derision produced no results, the twins began to argue.

"What we take won't be missed," said Joe. "Look how much stuff spoils."

"It's stealing," Bobby retorted. "It doesn't belong to you. And you're forgetting what you told Don in the cabin the day Joe took Tim Lally's haversack," he ended triumphantly.

"What did I tell him?"

"You said that you or Joe had never stolen anything."

"That's right," Pete admitted uneasily. "But just a couple o' tomatoes from a patch—"

"They're not yours, Pete."

"Look a here," cried Joe; "you ain't done nothin' but find fault since you come here."

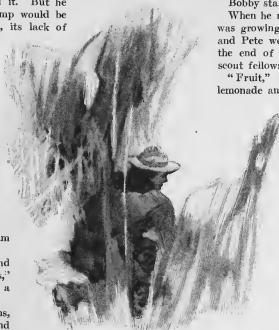
"Shut up!" Pete said shortly. He began to pace back and forth turning the problem in his mind. "Bobby's right," he said at last. "We'll go over and take what we want, but we'll leave money for it."

"Why can't you go over in the daytime?" Bobby asked, "and buy what you want?"

"And have those scout fellows rush us? I guess not. We'll take what we want and leave four bits. I guess that's square."

That did seem to be all right.

(Continued on page 58)



They slipped safely past the camp

On Nature's Trail

Conducted by
Edward F. Bigelow
Scout Naturalist

ZAPAS

THE TALE OF A TAILLESS MOUSE
By Scout William Isbill

ZAPAS was a little jumping mouse that lived in the Adirondack region near Lake Champlain.

He was not very large; only four inches from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail. His tail, before it was accidentally amputated, measured five and one-half inches. He was a really beautiful little creature: extending from the end of his nose down his back was a stripe of dark hair, in which showed a few light brown hairs; his flanks were a beautiful dark buff, and underneath he was purest white; the upper half of his tail was black; beneath it was white; his dainty, hairless little paws and the inside of his rather large ears were a pretty shell pink, while his small, beady eyes were as black as jet.

One morning while out collecting I found him caught in a snap trap by his tail, apparently lifeless. The snap had crushed his tail within half an inch of his body, and he was held by a large sinew only.

Cutting the sinew, I dropped him into my pocket and continued on my rounds. When I arrived at the house the mouse was kicking feebly.

Making a nest of a small candy box and some cotton, I put him over the hot-water tank of the stove. He responded to the heat almost immediately.

After breakfast he had improved so that he climbed out of his box. I punched some holes in the cover and put him back.

At noon I opened the box, and there he was rolled up into a furry little ball. I touched him, and instantly he straightened himself out. Stroking him with my finger, I expected he would leap out of the box and scurry for cover, but he just crouched down and watched me with his little black, beady eyes.

At first he paid no attention to a small piece of corn bread which I dropped under his nose, but after a few minutes he rose up on his haunches, picked up the bread in his little paws and proceeded to nibble slowly. While he was eating he watched me closely, prepared, no doubt, to leap to cover at the first hostile movement. After he had finished his bread I offered him a few drops of milk in a spoon. This he lapped up greedily, and then astonished me by burrowing under the cotton and rolling up into a ball for a snooze. I put the cover on again and did not disturb him until after supper.

THAT night when I took the cover off his box he hopped out and proceeded to explore the table fearlessly. He was very tame, and allowed us to put our hands over him and touch him, but if we tried to pick him up he would take a couple of his amazing leaps. As he had been accustomed to balance himself with his tail when he leaped, he did not always land right side up. Sometimes he landed on his feet, but usually on his nose at first.

Finally he jumped off the table to the floor. We cornered him, and I picked him up gently but firmly, surprised not to feel his sharp little teeth. After feeding him I put him back in his box for the night.

His scientific name was Zapas, and as it was short and easily pronounced—a very unusual thing for a scientific name—we decided to call him that. He grew so tame that we could pick him up and pet him and do pretty



This little fellow is the busiest four-foot in the fall woods gathering his winter hoard

nearly anything we pleased with him.

He mused things up a number of times. For instance, one morning we did not put the cover of his box on tight enough. Having an inquisitive disposition, he decided to see what was going on. He pushed up the cover of his box, climbed out, rambled along a window ledge, over the dish drainer to the kitchen table, where our breakfast was ready. The first thing I knew of the trouble was when my companion gave a wild yell and dashed across the kitchen. I was just in time to see a very bedraggled Zapas scramble hurriedly out of my friend's cold cereal and milk and hop across the table. Needless to say, my friend called Zapas some very hard names, and did not appreciate the joke in the least, but Zapas did not seem to mind, he was too busy drying and cleaning himself."

AFEW nights later he again distinguished himself by broad jumping into the center of a nice juicy huckleberry pie. Then, instead of jumping out again, as any self-respecting mouse should, he proceeded to wade around and mess it up for sure. Upon ejecting him from the pie, I found he had taken on a deep purplish hue. He was banished to his box to get clean as best he might. As for that pie, it was surely scrambled!

The next night he was killed. He was on the table when I went to bring in some fire wood. While I was gone he jumped off the table and climbed into the wood box, where I threw an armful of wood. There was one agonized little squeak, and by the time I dug him out he was dead. A heavy stick had crushed him.

DAINGEROUS PLANTS

FLOWERS WHICH MUST BE CAREFULLY HANDLED

IT is rather alarming to realize that a number of the flowers of which we are all so fond contain deadly poisons.

The daffodil is an instance in point. Its long, narrow leaves contain a powerful irritant poison, and boys should be warned most strongly against chewing them.

The common foxglove contains a poison which has the most extraordinary effect upon the heart, whose action may be reduced to only seventeen beats to the minute. Of any one thus poisoned, the pupils of the eyes are widely dilated, and his only chance of life is to lie absolutely still until the doctor comes.

Everyone knows the wild arum or cuckoo-plant, with its big, heart-shaped, glossy leaves. A most dangerous plant it is, too. If you chew a leaf, your tongue swells enormously; so much so that you will be almost unable to swallow. Melted butter is the best remedy for poisoning by this plant.

The most dangerous of all common hedge-row plants is the aconite or monk's hood, which has palm-shaped leaves. A very small dose causes a strange tingling all over the body, and partial blindness. A little more and death is certain.

These are all plants which are more or less attractive to the eye. There are others which seem to advertise themselves as dangerous. The hemlock, for instance. If you pinch a leaf it gives out a nasty, mousy odor. One need hardly state that it is very poisonous, being a powerful narcotic. The sufferer sinks into a drowsy state, which, if remedies are not at hand, ends in death.

All the nightshades have a sinister appearance and should be avoided altogether. There

(Continued on page 64)



Mr. Screech Owl does not look the wide-awake chap he is when the sun goes down. He sleeps in the day time and keeps every one else awake at night

Official News

By James E. West

Chief Scout Executive

Honored by the President

ON the opposite page is a list of scouts whose records are being finally checked and if found correct will be honored by receiving a letter from President Wilson as the result of their faithful and distinctive work in selling Thrift and War Savings Stamps. These scouts are the ones who in the year 1918 sold the most stamps, each in his respective state. Our congratulations, Scouts, in addition to the President's. Fine work and a reward of which to be proud. There are other "citations" besides those won on the battle field and other splendid work done for love of country besides fighting.

Hands Across the Sea

ONE of the most touching evidences of the real spirit of brotherhood and service of Scouting that we have on record, is the beautiful work being done by French scouts in honoring the graves of our own fallen dead, lying in foreign fields. Among the poppies and the crosses, these boys in khaki move quietly taking photographs, reverently placing wreaths upon the sad little mounds where doughboys sleep. The seventy-fives boom here no longer, and the night is no longer lit by the fearful lights of war. All is quiet at last. Birds sing and gentle lads prove that love is still lord of life.

Any member of a family of an American Boy Scout who desires to avail himself of this generous service freely proffered by French scouts, may do so by sending to the French Scout Commissioner, Monsieur Jean Belgbeder, 46 Rue de Provence, Paris, information as to the name, rank and regiment of the dead soldier, and any indication possessed as to the location of the grave. Upon request the grave will be photographed and kept hallowed by flowers.

Brother Scouts from England

THAT the splendid work done by British Seascouts during the war period is appreciated by England is shown by the special arrangements which have been made for their benefit with the White Star Line. Every White Star liner, whether making port in New York, Boston, or Halifax, carries two or three British Seascouts who are shipped as "cadets," are regular members of the crew and are getting an unforgettable and fascinating experience of real seafaring. Some of these boys learn to love their good ship and the life of the sea so well that they continue in the service, sail the seven seas, make strange ports, and eventually become mates, officers and skippers.

How would you like to be one of these chaps, fellow scouts, taking a three thousand mile cruise on one of the biggest ships in the world? Fancy coming to America for the first time. Would you not like a cross section of these boys' emotions when they catch a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty and Manhattan's inimitable skyline? Are they "down-hearted" when they come to anchor? Not a bit of it. They are allowed to come ashore to explore the mysteries and see the sights in America's big ports. They are not left to do this by

themselves either. They are met by friendly hands at every port and "shown" a good time.

In New York, for instance, Dr. J. J. Macdonald of the Seamen's Christian Union, an American scoutmaster, is always ready at the pier to greet these British boys and to take charge of them as long as they remain on shore.

The photograph herewith shows Scouts Herbert Wilkinson and Robert Whitehead on the huge liner Cedric being taught the intricacies of the "telegraph" and the First Officer who is instructing them is also a good scout.

We like to think that it will not be long before a privilege such as these British boys are enjoying will be extended to seascouts of our own organization. How would you like to follow "Old Glory" and "see the world that way?" "Not half bad, eh?" as a Britisher would say.

The Biggest Boys' Camp in the World

ALL scouts will be interested to know that the Bear Mountain Scout Camp, up the Hudson, is the largest boys' camp in the world. The present season there were 1,600 boy scouts camping within the camp reservation, but so extensive is the area that you might walk for hours without seeing more than twenty or thirty boys. The whole 1,600 can be effectively mobilized at one point in a surprisingly short time, however. Bear Mountain Camp is "some camp."

Any troop with its scoutmaster may come to Bear Mountain for its permanent Local Council Camp, or may connect with the National Headquarters Camp for unattached troops. Each camp of the group is in charge of a Director and there is a Chief Camp Physician, a Business Manager and a Director of Inter-Camp Activities. Individual camps are responsible for planning their own program of daily activities and provide their own staff of instructors. Each camp has its own mess hall, kitchen equipment and professional cook. The other work of the camp is done by details of scouts. Scout Law is the law of the camp. There are few rules, only such as are necessary for the safety and well-being of all concerned. Bear Mountain Scout Campers need no spy system and no padlocks. They are proud to be put on honor and to stay there. And certainly it is not possible to find a more delightful spot for such a corking big camp. Nature surely spread herself when she planned Bear Mountain.

War Department Still Needs Scout Assistance

THE accompanying letter from Mr. Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary, will interest you for two reasons. First, because it shows that the War Department was satisfied with the way you helped "look up the soldier and the job." Second, because it suggests an additional way to be of service. The War Department depends upon you to help see that the firms who responded so generously to the government appeal to take back former employees upon their discharge from service, get the due "citation" for which application must be made in regular form—



Scouts Herbert Wilkinson and Robert Whitehead and the First Officer of the Cedric.

War Department
Washington
July 28, 1919.
James E. West,
Boy Scouts of A.
New York City.
My dear Mr. West:

When we were confronted with the enormous problem of displaying simultaneously 550,000 copies of our poster, PUT FIGHTING BLOOD IN YOUR BUSINESS, which has to do with the placing of returned men in a job, the Boy Scouts of America were suggested as among the best and most willing of the agencies available. We asked you to help our soldiers and sailors, and your boys responded, in a thorough and workmanlike way, exactly as we wished. Their assistance has been invaluable to us in our work of hooking up the soldier and the job. I thank you and the boys heartily and sincerely in behalf of both the War and Navy Departments, and for the men who are now going back to work upon deactivation.

We find that 80 per cent of all the employers of the United States—corporations, firms, and individuals—are taking back every man who left them to serve in the Great War. The War and Navy Departments have prepared a handsome citation, engrossed with the recipient's name, which is awarded to all who certify that they will employ their ex-service men.

We want to reward these patriotic firms. Thousands of them have applied for the citation already, because they have read of it in the newspapers, but we feel that as yet we have not reached the great mass of those whom we wish to include in our Legion of Honor of American employers.

The Boy Scouts can do this. There are 400,000 members. If each boy could bring back to us through his troop one application from some employer it would result in such a mass of documents being issued as to make a distinct impression on the entire population of the United States. This is what we are striving to do.

Will you help us? If agreeable, we will forward each of your 18,000 troops a supply of blank applications for the citation, and sample copies of the citation itself,



Douglas Fairbanks doing his bit during the big scout drive

as well as franked envelopes, so that the entire matter can be attended to without any expense to the boys or their organization.

On the other hand, it will be a tremendous service to the War and Navy Departments and to the 4,000,000 men who have served their country in France and in camps of the United States, to say nothing of the thousands of sailors and marines who joined in the great struggle for civilization.

Very truly yours,
ARTHUR WOODS,
Asst. to the Sec.

First Aid That Was the Real Thing

MAYBE some scouts wonder sometimes if all this first aid practice is really necessary. Possibly they think privately that their scoutmaster dwells too much on the subject and get a bit tired of working so hard learning to meet an emergency that never comes. But that is just the point. It would not be an emergency if it were scheduled in advance. You never know just how and when you will be called on to put your scout training to the test in good earnest. That is what happened to your favorite Don Strong, about whom you read in last month's Boys' Life.

Here is a real life incident, when a scout's knowledge of first aid and plucky, intelligent practice of it saved him from death. We have the story from the boy's own father who declares with gratitude that he owes his son's life to scout training.

Scout Gordon Battey, a patrol leader of troop No. 5, New Rochelle, New York, was accidentally shot in the abdomen, while engaged with another boy in clam digging. Fortunately, he did not lose consciousness and kept control of his wits and the situation. He got his friend to help him into the water, so that the wound could be properly cleansed. Both boys were in bathing suits and the injured boy used the waist strings from his own suit and his friend's to staunch the flow of blood, then improvised a pad and strips from the suits to bind up his wound which he did himself.

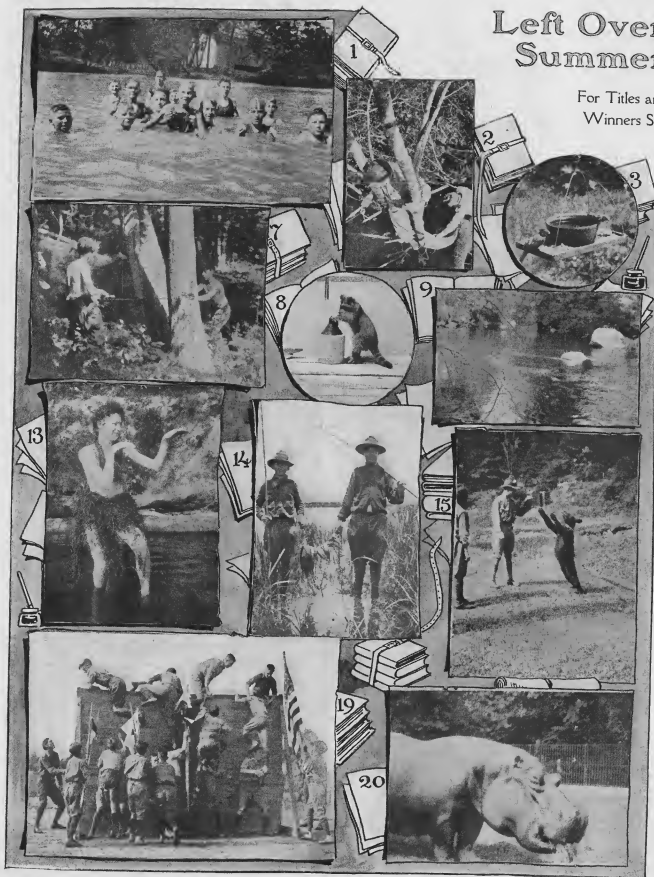
This done, with the other
(Concluded on page 51)

HIGH BOYS IN 1918 WAR SAVINGS STAMPS CAMPAIGN

State	Scout	Troop	City	Sales Amount
Alabama	Robert Jensen	27	Birmingham	153 \$15,000.00
Arizona	Ted B. Miller	4	Clarkdale	86 2,684.25
Arkansas	M. E. Newborn	1	Marianna	224 24,321.25
California	Sheppard Berkowitz	18	Los Angeles	450 26,782.25
Colorado	Laurence Black	3	Pueblo	89 9,992.50
Connecticut	Cari T. Chadsey	8	Stamford	163 19,225.75
Delaware	Frank D. Lackey	12	Wilmington	171 4,380.50
District of Columbia	S. G. Lichtenberg	47	Washington	250 4,000.00
Florida	V. G. G. Bernard	89	Tampa	57 16,450.75
Georgia	W. H. Young, Jr.	2	Columbus	85 12,792.00
Idaho	Joseph McCarthy	2	Wallace	38 12,325.50
Illinois	Robert Clover	2	La Grange	634 16,025.00
Indiana	Rudolph Stempel	23	Indianapolis	25 10,250.00
Iowa	Francis Hubert	1	Rockwell City	82 10,070.00
Kansas	George D. Hanna	1	Clay Center	89 9,552.25
Kentucky	Grauman Marks	1	Georgetown	132 18,420.25
Louisiana	Don Norman	1	Patterson	44 25,475.50
Maine	Othello Sweetser	1	South Windham	680 5,270.00
Maryland	Howell C. Lowell	1	New Windsor	95 3,660.50
Massachusetts	Harold White	10	Lewell	245 22,799.50
Michigan	John Carline	27	Detroit	62 10,694.00
Minnesota	Bernard Silverstein	2	Duluth	114 10,694.00
Mississippi	W. L. Brown	1	Poplarville	204 5,726.25
Missouri	Robert Martin	1	Craig	33 8,815.00
Montana	Ellis Dutton	4	Butte	34 9,419.00
Nebraska	Edgar Mathers	2	Falls City	98 7,343.75
Nevada	Edward Maxwell	1	East Ely	45 5,050.00
New Hampshire	Clifford Dandor	1	Warner	207 2,880.25
New Jersey	Edward Stevenson	6	Newark	513 41,551.75
New Mexico	Clarence Howe	1	Carlsbad	710 7,215.25
New York	C. Schuyler Turbell	4	Ilaca	85 5,911.00
North Carolina	John F. Blair	9	Winston-Salem	91 9,188.25
North Dakota	Gordon Reeder	1	Walperton	253 6,818.50
Ohio	James Campbell	4	Lorain	400 49,452.25
Oklahoma	L. L. Atkins	1	Muskogee	111 14,740.75
Oregon	R. Ottenheimer	37	Portland	352 6,737.25
Pennsylvania	Ralph William Stanley	1	Lewistown	256 33,933.75
Rhode Island	Andrew Franklin	1	Valley Falls	98 10,054.50
South Carolina	Milton Littlejohn	2	Belton	76 8,890.50
South Dakota	Clarence Moran	5	Armour	85 5,911.00
Tennessee	Eugene Eager	1	Knoxville	102 19,335.00
Texas	Irwin Speckles	1	La Grange	161 12,029.25
Utah	Lawrence Dunkley	29	Salt Lake City	318 8,475.75
Vermont	Charles E. Peck	1	Montpelier	355 5,348.75
Virginia	Clarence Arnett	1	Salisbury	151 12,000.00
Washington	Willie Bridges	3	Hogquon	90 6,925.00
West Virginia	Sam Hanauer	1	Wheeling	152 21,500.00
Wisconsin	Arthur Grubel	26	Milwaukee	179 10,576.00
Wyoming	Kenneth McCanna	1	Lander	26 1,650.50
Canal Zone	Raymond Hunter	1	Bolinas	106 14,025.00
Hawaii	Philip Zane	5	Honolulu	267 21,810.25
Porto Rico	Charles Harding	5	San Juan	105 1,056.25
Alaska	Norman Russell	1	Fairbanks	25 1,131.25

Left Over Summer

For Titles and
Winners See



from Many Vacations

Names of Prize

List Page 46



"The Wedges Do the Work"



This Wedge

is one of the reasons for the unusual braking power of the MORROW Coaster Brake.

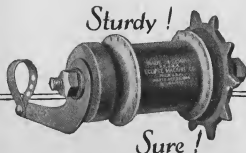
When you back-pedal, four of these sturdy wedges (two from each end) instantly force the MORROW brake-drum to expand and grip the inner surface of the hub. That's what stops your bicycle so quickly and easily.

Morrow STURDY, SURE COASTER BRAKE

A wedge is the simplest and most effective means known to science for exerting force and power. That's why the MORROW uses the wedge principle—to give the most powerful and most dependable coaster brake made.

Free — A Dandy Top

Boys, ask your bicycle dealer for a MORROW Toy Top—a dandy spinner for indoors or out. Lots of fun. If he hasn't a supply of these free tops, tell him to write us for them now.



ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

7 Reasons for the Morrow

- 1 Braking surface 6 1/2 to sq. in.—much larger than other brakes.
- 2 "Drum" expansion forced equally by two wedges at each end, insuring even braking distribution over entire inner hub surface.
- 3 Bronze brake shoes being softer than hard steel inner surface, grip smoothly, firmly, surely.
- 4 For forward pedaling, the Morrow responds instantly and positively.
- 5 More ball-bearings than other brakes, so coasts more easily.
- 6 The Morrow is strong and sturdy; it will stand hard wear.
- 7 Ninety-five inspections—followed by a final test, guaranteeing you perfect service.

The Sage of Slabsides

(Continued from page 11)

water for me," he called, as we found the thermos bottle of coffee. "But this brigand steak, it sounds good. What is it?" he asked as he obediently peeled the hard wood maple sapling. "I eat little meat at home, you are spreading temptation along my pathway." "But how he did eat when it was cooked," Sparrowhawk told his mother at night, as he related the wonders of the day. So he did indeed, for brigand steak—little green onions, meat and bacon, broiled, all on a peeled stick together, over the hot coals, who that goes a tramping can resist? Elderberry jelly, good old substantial bread and butter, the savory steak, "the finest out-door lunch I ever tasted," said the philosopher, from his woody couch. Then he opened his heart to us, there by the flowing spring and the glowing fire, under the blue May sky, amidst the scent of the time worn apple orchards. He talked to us from the large thoughts and ripened vision of a long life and a love for nature, seasoned and tried through storm and sun. He talked to us of the vast treasure house of the out-of-doors, and of the still vaster regions and resources of the inner self. Out of an exultant optimism, from his observations in a good world, he talked to us, until the fire died in its ashes, and we knew that our hour of sanctuary was done.

"When one goes from such a spot as this," said John Burroughs, as we reluctantly turned our faces toward home, "there is an intangible something, something of himself which he leaves behind. We shall find it here when we come again."

If you by chance receive two copies of this publication it will be appreciated if you will let us know. Each copy of the magazine involves an overhead manufacturing expense which the Scout Movement cannot afford to waste. Cooperation will enable us to discover errors.

See that your bicycle has a MORROW Brake!

You know us—Sure!

EVERY boy in the country knows Hart Schaffner & Marx; maybe father wears the clothes we make.

We've decided now to make clothes for boys and to make them the way they ought to be made; all-wool fabrics, fine tailoring, lively style. Show this page to father or mother; and when time for buying clothes comes, just mention our name to them.

All-wool clothes; stylish, serviceable, guaranteed. Send for our fall Style Book.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Chicago New York

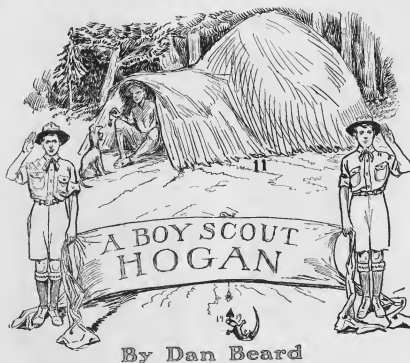


How to Make a Hogan

BESIDES the wickerup, the wigwam, the tepee and the open camp, the Red-man built and still builds little houses known as "hogans" and these hogans make good shelter for over-night hikes, if they are distributed in the right places along the trails. They are always welcome sights to the tired scout looking for a camp site.

The hogan is a simple, primitive sort of shelter, made like a crude basket set upside down. In the first place one must gather a number of small green sticks, willow sticks are the best for the purpose, trim off the branches and bend the smaller ends up and bind them together with strips of bark as in Fig. 1, then put the butt ends of the sticks in the ground in a circle as in Fig. 2 or 2B, weave in other sticks, basket fashion, Fig. 3, until you have a framework such as is shown in Fig. 2. Fig. 4 shows how to bend the sticks around first over and then under so that the spring of the stick and friction will hold it in place.

IF at any point the two forces are not strong enough the intersection of the sticks may be bound with strips of green bark, as it is at AA, Fig. 4. After the framework is complete the hogan may be thatched with balsam bows, pine bows, hemlock bows, goldenrod, ironweed, but best of all with tall grass of any kind or rushes, the leaves of the common cat-tail, for instance, being best adapted for such

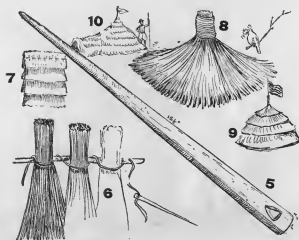
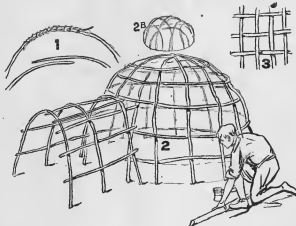


By Dan Beard

another layer above overlapping the first until the apex of the roof is reached. When these points are done a cap may be made like that as shown in Fig. 3 and placed upon the roof as shown in Figs. 9 and 10. The hogan is then complete.

The Boy Scouts in Europe know how to thatch roofs much better than we do in America, for thatches are still used there, although long ago forgotten in United States.

Openings may be left in these hogans for windows or ventilation. In a large hogan an opening may be left in the top as it is in a tepee, to allow the smoke from a center fire to pass out, but with a small tepee one must be very careful with a fire when the thatch is dry, for dry thatch is exceedingly inflammable and one does not wish to see a carefully made hogan go up in flames.



a purpose as this.

FIG. 5 shows a wooden needle, which the Chief secured at Cow Neck, Long Island, used in thatching roofs. There are no thatched roofs on Long Island today, but at the quaint farm house where the needle was discovered they still had the old bee-hives made of twisted straw, such as are seen nowhere to-day except in picture books or on coats of arms and trade marks. Fig. 6 shows how this needle is used to bind the thatch together. Fig. 7 shows how the thatch is placed in layers like shingles, beginning at the bottom and after finishing that layer putting

S.S. WHITE



"There are two very important duties in every Scout's daily schedule—the twice-a-day care of his teeth. Unless he keeps his teeth thoroughly clean, he is not a good scout."

Don Beard

If you don't keep your teeth clean, you're not doing your duty. In fact, if you don't keep them in shipshape order, some day they'll prevent you from doing what you want to. A toothache doesn't help things along—and bad teeth are bad for your health, altogether. Keep your teeth clean, if you want to keep your health good.

S. S. White's Tooth Paste will help you keep your teeth in first-rate order. It's safe to use—no druggy stuff in it. It tastes good, too—real English mint flavor. It will make your teeth thoroughly clean—it will help you fight the enemy germs that lurk in places that aren't quite clean. It will make your duty to your teeth pleasant and easy.

See that you get a tube soon—and watch the improvement in your teeth.

We'd like to send you a sample tube, and our interesting little booklet, "Good Teeth—How They Grow and How To Keep Them," which should be part of every Scout's equipment. "Be prepared." Write for it today.

THE S. S. WHITE DENTAL MFG. CO.

Makers of Dental Supplies and Appliances Since 1844

PHILADELPHIA, PA.





GILBERT'S New Wheel Toy

Here's a wonderful set—the greatest boy toy of the last twenty years. With only a screw driver and wrench, and the special disc steel wheels, plates, axles, etc., in the outfit—any boy can make the finest kind of outdoor toys—lots of them.

MAKES REAL GLIDER COASTERS, WAGONS TRUCK

The dandy \$10 set (\$15 Canada) has gears and pinions and lots of extra parts to make a real geared power racer. There is also a smaller set for \$5. (Canada, \$9,) and a larger one for \$15. (Canada, \$22.50).

HIG PRIZE CONTEST—I am just starting a big toy building contest for boys and girls, with a real buckboard, automobile or Shelland pony as first prize and a hundred other fine prizes. The contest is free. Write today for the list of prizes, a free copy of my boys' Magazine, full of fine stories and outdoor sports, and my finely illustrated catalog of Gilbert Toys.

A.C. Gilbert

President

THE A. C. GILBERT COMPANY
128 Blatchley Ave., New Haven, Conn.
In Canada:
The A. C. Gilbert-Memphis Co., Limited,
Toronto.



Copy this Sketch

and let's see what you can do with it. Cartoons and illustrations earn from \$25.00 to \$100.00 or more per month for boys. My personal course of individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Send sketches of Uncle Sam with a gun, a star for example of the work of successful boy students which will show the possibilities for YOU. State your age, address, and name. Send to: The Landon School, 1496 Schofield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



Think and Grin



Good bye to the out-of-doors and the lying-around-just-doin'-nothin'-but-restin' life and back to "How do do?—Pleased to meetcha" (?!?!?) school life.

Yes, boys, back to the books and many a new leaf to be turned. The school bell, however, won't ring for a few minutes yet so if you hurry you may be able to slide down this polished column.

Old Idle Five Minutes will help you, but don't pay much attention to him, or you'll find yourself behind in your school work.

Meet you in school next month.

Winners for September

C. S. H. Miller, Jr., Pennsylvania; Herbert Williams, Massachusetts; Henry Foote, Kansas; Morris Mayer, New York; Truby J. Lawrence, Jr., California; Irving Tarbox, Massachusetts; John D. Penick, New Jersey; Frederick Moore, Pennsylvania; Frank Brien, Missouri; Olin L. Addison, New Hampshire; Waldo Fechner, Missouri; O. Winfred Crow, Washington; Aaron Ilorowitz, Tennessee; John E. Haines, Indiana.

Face Value

Bill: Which part of your face is the cheapest?
John: Duuno.

Bill: Your nostrils, they are two for a cent (cent).

Oh! September

"Was evntide, The small had stood on the bridge slapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky."

"Ah, little hey," remarked the stranger, who was a little near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate you cloud effect."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "I've been watching it for ten minutes."

Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of perfect bliss.

A real poet without a doubt, and do you watch the sunsets often, little hey?"

"Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset go'n' nor, that's the village schoolhouse burning down."

Mud Pie

1st Scout: I've lived on vegetables only, for two weeks.

2nd Scout: That's nothing, I've lived on earth for a number of years.

Not A Bat

Scout: I haven't slept for days.

Tenderfoot: What's the matter, sick?

Scout: No, I sleep at night.

One On Him

First Class Scout: Hey, Tenderfoot, duck your head in that bucket of water.

Innocent Tenderfoot: Why?

First Class Scout: I smell wood burning.

On Strike

Jick: This match won't light.

Kick: That's funny, it lit all right a minute ago.

A Short Answer

Scout: I want my hair cut.

Barber: Any particular way?

Scout: Yes! off.

He Knows Now

"When I first hit town," remarked the farmer, "I utter wonder how all these city folks got along."

"Well!"

"Well, seeing as they have got \$38 out of me in four days, it ain't such a mystery after all."

Up in the Air

Father—Money has wings and house rents make it fly.

Tommie—Some houses have wings. I have seen many a house fly.

Father—You're smarter than your old dad; I always thought that no part of the house except the chimney flew.

Oh!

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, sah, I hate to give in. Ef I was to trade that mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh the las' six weeks to get rid o' me."

The Reliable Scout

Here's to the steadfast reliable scout,

The scout with the tongue that is true,

But who'll do what he says he will do.

He may not be clever, he is often quite blunt,

Without either polish or art;

Yet though it's not in him to "put up a front,"

He is there when you need him, he's there.

So here's to the scout on whom one can rely,

And here's to his lasting success.

May his species continue, fore'er multiply,

And his shadow may never grow less.

Roosters

First Class Scout—Why do hens only lay eggs in the daytime?

Tenderfoot—I give up.

First Class Scout—Because at night they are roosters.

On the Level

Along a trail commencing at sea level and crossing a hill to sea level on the other side 5,000 stakes were driven into the ground two feet apart.

Now supposing that that trail were on the level ground what difference in the number of stakes would be caused? Not any difference.

His Bit, Twice

"You seem pretty proud since you gave 25 cents to the Red Cross fund."

"Yasuh," replied Rastus, "talk about 'doin' yuh hit! I jest done my two bits."

Gone Over

First Class Scout—Are you going to the Circus?

Tenderfoot—Yes.

First Class Scout—I hear that John Bunny has joined Barnum & Bailey.

Tenderfoot—Why John Bunny is dead.

First Class Scout—So are Barnum & Bailey.

Speed

Boss (to new boy)—You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

Boy—Yes, sir, nobody can get tired as quickly as I can.

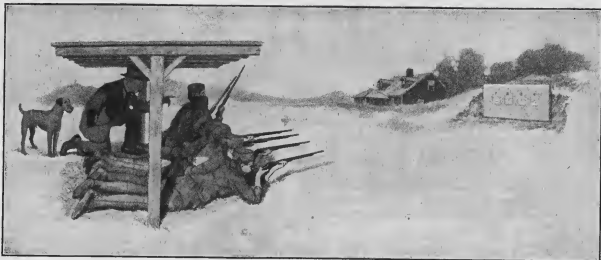
Not Much 'Bat' in 'Meat'

Camp Cook—Did you bring the meat?

Scout—Sure, I got six cents' worth of steak.

Camp Cook—Are you crazy?

Scout—No! I paid fifty cents for it.



A Winchester Junior Rifle Corps Unit at rifle practice under supervision of Unit Instructor.

A rifle range that any boy can build



Sharpshooter Medal

WHERE to shoot—is that the problem that has kept you from joining the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps and learning the joy of trigger magic? If so, a few practical hints are all you need to rig up a rifle range of your own, where shooting can be made safe. The most important thing is to select a backstop that will catch and hold the bullets. Every shot must be safe.

The side of a hill (as in the picture) makes the best backstop for a range. Dig it out square and face it with light boards to hold your paper targets. If there's no hill available, you can build a backstop in your yard. A large packing case filled with sand or earth will be safe, but any backstop should be at least 4 feet high and 4 feet wide.

If your cellar or basement will give you a clear range of 50 feet, it will make a fine place for shooting all the year 'round, and in all kinds of weather. Here you can make a plain backstop as suggested above.

Start a W. J. R. C. Unit with your friends

The job of finding a place to shoot, rigging up a range and getting your rifles is always easier and cheaper *when you have a bunch of your chums in on it.* There's more fun, too, in the actual shooting when there are other fellows to compete with.

So why not get together with half a dozen of your chums, join the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps and organize a regular Unit which will be officially recognized by the W.J.R.C. National Headquarters? Any boy who starts a Unit receives a Special Service Pin.

The W.J.R.C. will help you from start to finish in rigging up an indoor or outdoor range.

The W.J.R.C. gives you all the instruction necessary to become a real expert in the use of a rifle. It provides for officers, supervisors and adult instructors to make your shooting safe.

It costs you nothing to join the W.J.R.C. There are no dues and no military obligations. The W.J.R.C. was organized solely to encourage better marksmanship and better sportsmanship among boys and girls of America. It is intended to develop

the qualities of fair play and manliness which are essential to success in after life. Any boy or girl not over 18, who is in good standing in his or her community, is eligible.

Membership in the W.J.R.C. covers the entire United States. There is hardly a town now that has not at least a small Unit of the big W.J.R.C. National Organization where boys are competing for the famous Winchester Marksman, Sharpshooter and Expert Rifleman Medals. You, too, can earn these trophies of marksmanship if you join the W.J.R.C. and start shooting now.

Get the official plan and rule book

Write today for the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps "Plan for organizing a W.J.R.C. Unit," and for the official rule book "How to handle a rifle safely." This booklet tells you all about the W.J.R.C. and describes in detail the line points of shooting—alignment of sights, the three correct positions, rules for gun safety, the care of rifles, and the proper rifle for you to use.

National Headquarters

Winchester Junior Rifle Corps

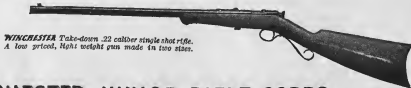
275 Winchester Ave., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Division 910

Standard types of 22 caliber Winchester Rifles, popular with members of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps.



WINCHESTER MODEL 90. Take-down repeating 22 caliber rifle, 24-inch octagon barrel. The standard target rifle for over 25 years.



WINCHESTER Take-down, 22 caliber single shot rifle. A low priced, light weight gun made in two sizes.

WINCHESTER JUNIOR RIFLE CORPS

National Headquarters, 275 Winchester Avenue, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

Winchester Junior Rifle Corps

National Headquarters,
275 Winchester Ave., New Haven,
Conn., U. S. A. Division 910.

Gentlemen:

Please register my name as a member of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, and send me a membership button and certificate of membership. Also tell me how to organize a local Unit of the W. J. R. C.

Very truly yours,

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....



Their Best Idea Will Be Yours Too

IN SETTING out to become a marksman, start with the same idea about your shooting as the emigrant guards in the early days of the West had to have—the single idea of shooting right.

You have nothing to puzzle about such as they had in abundance in the "improvements" in firearms of the forties and fifties. Yet you can not afford to hang on to shooting right any less earnestly. Wrong shooting habits once formed would be hard to ever get rid of and would always interfere with your shooting.

Get the four Remington Right-from-the-Start instruction booklets for boys, which will be mailed to you free upon request, if you mention this magazine. They will start you right.

They will also tell you all about qualifying to wear the U. S. Government's official decoration for Junior Marksman, under the direction of the National Rifle Association, and the Boy Scout Merit Badge for Marksmanship.

For your shooting, a Remington UMC .22 Caliber Rifle—Single-shot or Repeater— and Cartridges—making for shooting right, will be found a perfect combination. For sale by alert Sporting Goods Dealers in your town.

**THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC
CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Inc.**
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
WOOLWORTH BUILDING NEW YORK



Just as there is only one right way to throw a lance, there is only one right way to shoot a rifle.

Write at once for a set of free Remington Right-from-the-Start booklets on shooting and application blank for junior membership in the N. R. A.



"It Always Works"

You are on the right road when your bicycle is equipped with an **ATHERTON COASTER BRAKE**. Get out and enjoy the open country and real exercise—there are places you can reach with a bicycle which otherwise would be impossible.

You will get there and back in safety—no fear for the hills—you can make them "on high" and will be safe on the steepest.

Tell your bicycle dealer you want an **ATHERTON**.

Your initials to paste on your wheel sent upon receipt of three bicycle dealers' names. Could you use a pencil clip?

Buffalo Metal Goods Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.

IN THE SCOUT CAVE

BY THE CAVE SCOUT
F. J. R.



H EY, Cave Scout: I got cha! I know who you are! Your name is Charley Booth! You couldn't fool me, you old Cave Dweller!

Remember last summer, up there in the Catskills—near Willowemoc—when three of us scouts had stopped along the road for dinner and you came hobbling down the hill? I swear, you did put on in great style, but not one of us knew at the time it was you. You told us you had seen a hoop-snake down the road away—some more of that 'fishy' stuff, hey? By the way, that lump on the side of your nose, that you told us about once in the Cave, must have moved up onto your forehead. And say, old boy, how's that game leg of yours getting along?

Well, I feel kind of sorry for you because it must make you feel pretty bad to be discovered after fooling us fellows so long. But please don't take it too hard.

Your nemesis,
P. K.

P. S.—Now find out who I am—if you can!

M Y WHAT? Nemesis? Say, I didn't know I had one of them. I own an old typewriter, a camping kit, a wolfskin and quite a lot of other junk, but I didn't know I had a *nemesis*. Any of you fellows know what this new thing is that I've got?

"I do, Cave Scout. A nemesis is a fate that camps on your trail when you have done something wrong or are trying to hide something and finally brings you to justice or exposes your secret."

Oh, I see. So you think you have tracked me down and pulled off my mask. P. K.? Well, let me tell you something; these hairy old codgers who live in caves are fatter to be queer men—you can't tell from one minute to the next what they're going to do, and it's dangerous business to monkey with their plans. YOW! WOOF! But don't get scared. P. K.—I don't feel hungry today. However, take this tip from me and BE-WARE OF CHARLEY BOOTH! When he finds out that you have accused him of being the Cave Scout he will likely be madder than a wet hen.

"Well, Cave Scout, if you aren't Mr. Presbrey, who are you anyway?" Ah-h-h! Sometimes I'm here and sometimes I'm there—

Likely to bob up most any o'd where; I'm a slippery old geezer, chuck full of tricks, And I'm called—every morning at half after six!

You may find me farming, or rowing a boat, Watching the movies or milking a goat; You may find me preaching without any text, But you can't tell to save you what I'll tackle next!

CAVE SCOUT.

World Brotherhood of Boys

Conducted by

E. O. Connor

IS any reader of Boys' LIFE familiar with the Russian language? Two letters sent the World Brotherhood of Boys are awaiting such claimants.

THE officers and leaders present at a recent scout conference in Bourne-mouth, England, were enthusiastic for the development of their relations with foreign scouts. Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert S. S. Baden Powell, who is at the head of the British Scout Movement, believes that this attitude is general, for he has had suggestions from scoutmasters and others as to what the organization might do to get into closer touch with Britain's Allies. Another indication, he says, is the steady increase in the correspondence carried on, partly through his headquarters, by his boys with scouts in countries overseas.

HOW would you like to have a Boy Scout patrol in Belgium named after your town? The Chief Scout of the Province of Antwerp, Belgium, M. Georges de Hasque, says that if any patrol or troop of scouts in America will send him a flag, a photograph, a medallion for flag staff or any other appropriate scout souvenir, he will present it to a Belgian troop. The first patrol in the troop will then take the name of the town or city from which the souvenir comes. For example, "Chicago patrol, Troop 1 Antwerp."

This is an excellent way to build up international friendships and international correspondence. The troops which send souvenirs will receive letters from the Belgian scouts.

The Belgian scouts are very much in need of uniforms and other scout supplies and will appreciate anything of this kind.

ONE of the most interesting of the letters which have come through the World Brotherhood of Boys during the past few months is that of a French boy who wrote as follows:

"I had served as an interpreter in your army for 6 months, and I been wounded on the front at the attack of St. Mihiel. Since that time I left the army to work in an electrical school where I am studying to be a chief mechanical engineer. And I hope to go in America to finish my studies.

"My father is French Consul in Yokohama (Japan).

"In June, 1918, I went to New York with the French 'Blue Devils.' I was living down Brevort Hotel in the Fifth Avenue in New York. In May I went to Frisco where I stayed at Richelieu Hotel in the Wan-ness Ave.

"In Japan, where I was in January 1918 with my parents, I was belonging to the Y. M. C. A., and I was assistant master in the English Boy Scouts in Yokohama.

"Now you know all about me. But don't say that I am a hero, as many American told me. I am like every common people. Today I saw President Wilson, in Paris, if you very acclaimed by the French."

Of course he will be provided with American correspondents.

WRIGLEY'S

In the
sealed
package



All of its goodness
sealed in—
Protected, preserved.
The flavor lasts!



ASK for, and be SURE
to get WRIGLEY'S. It's in
a sealed package, but look
for the name—the Greatest
Name in Goody-Land.



Sealed Tight — Kept Right

FILMS DEVELOPED
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And, in choosing, remember that the little .22 Savage Junior goes in the war-bag—on the dog-leads—in the canoe—into the farthest corners of the wilderness.

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UTICA, N. Y.

New York, N. Y. Sharon, Pa. Philadelphia, Pa. Detroit, Mich.

Miss Phyllis M. Coke of Kyrenia, Cyprus, would like to interest some American scouts in corresponding with the pupils in her school. She writes as follows:

"I am an Englishwoman, and am very interested in a new school for boys of the island just starting here; and I am trying all I can (with very small means) to get things from all over the world and show the boys and interest them in different countries and peoples, both historically and geographically. My friend (the originator and master of the school has started working on this method and it causes the greatest interest—though we only had a few pictures, etc., at hand. The boys ask if they are going to have geography today—so much are they interested. (The classes are only gradually forming) America being such a great country, and covering such a variety of climates—even taken in its narrowest sense—must offer some field for collection of interesting things, and probably in the future many boys will wish to emigrate to some part or another. Specially are we anxious to interest the boys in all pertaining to the country. Could and would you therefore give me the addresses of or ask to communicate with me (in order to save time) anyone, who would send me pictures, flowers, eggs, shells, skins, etc., or any interesting Red Indian or native work. (This specially) from any part of your continent or islands that you are in touch with.

"Any emigration matter would be valuable and wall pictures of farm life. But I do not know to whom to write, and time is so long.

"Anything from Cape Horn to Alaska would be a treasure, and I shall personally care for and value everything myself.

"I would repeat again—curious and interesting things from nature, minerals, skins, specially native made things, and I should be glad to use anything useful myself. I am very interested in other countries myself, and appreciate native handicrafts."

World Brotherhood members who would like to exchange souvenirs with the boys in Cyprus should send Miss Coke a postcard and wait for a reply before sending anything more.

TO BECOME A MEMBER OF THE WORLD BROTHERHOOD

Write the very best letter you can, to an unknown boy.

Put it in an envelope, but do not seal it. Write your return address small in the upper left hand corner, or on the back of the envelope. Leave the body of the envelope clean, so that we may put on the boy's address. At the bottom of the envelope you may write the name of the state or country to which you want the letter to go. Put on enough postage to take it there.

Write on a separate slip of paper:

Name.
Address.
Age (at nearest birthday).

Are you a Boy Scout?

Any foreign language you can write.

Any special hobby or subject you are interested in.

Any special instructions about the kind and number of correspondents you want. You need send the above information only with your first letter. Afterward send only your name and the words "old member" with later letters.

Enclose letter and slip in another envelope and mail it to

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The Animal Gets Even

(Continued from page 7)

Without a word of protest, the boys handed over the contents of their pockets.

At exactly half past four, the Animal drove a huge two horse wagon up to the old barn where the Clan anxiously awaited him.

IT was almost dark, when the boys finished packing and stowing the barrels on the wagon. When the last one was in place, the Animal mounted the seat, and called to the Owl to get up beside him.

"Can't we go?" wheedled Skeeter.

"Not much," replied the Animal, as the wagon lurched forward and creaked down the hill toward the river road.

"Where in the name of Pete are you going?" asked the Owl, after they had driven some minutes in silence.

The Animal only grunted.

On and on they lumbered into the fast settling darkness, until the Owl began to wish he had not embarked upon a trip that apparently had no ending.

Finally, the Animal turned between two rickety gate posts into a grass grown driveway which led to a ramshackle house where, from a lower window, a single light glowed balefully like the eye of a Cyclops.

"What on earth did you come here for?" demanded the Owl peering about in the darkness that seemed to envelop them like a heavy black pall.

"To sell the apples."

"Huh! You're as much chance to sell 'em to this old goat, as you'd have to sell sand to an Arab. But you know he has the biggest orchard in town?"

"Never mind that, old son," replied the Animal drooping to the ground. "Just wait here, like a good boy. I'm doing this job."

He sloughed his way through the rank high grass of the lawn to the porch, stumbled up the shaly wooden steps, and thumped twice upon the door.

The Owl huddled on the seat of the wagon, saw the light move into the hall. The front door opened to reveal a thin old man holding a kerosene lamp above his head.

He exchanged a few words with the Animal, then seemed to fade back into the hallway, the door closing without a sound.

The Animal floundered back to the wagon and drove slowly to a huge weather-beaten barn, whose great doors rolled quietly open as they approached and softly closed behind them.

Taken out of the cavernous shadows, four hulking farm hands stepped into the circle of light cast by the flickering flame of a smelly lantern which hung from a convenient nail.

The boys seated themselves upon the handles of an overturned plow and watched the men.

NOT a word was spoken, even the loquacious Owl for once keeping still. As the last barrel was lowered to the floor, the old man appeared out of the darkness and handed a slip of paper to the Animal who glanced at it, tucked it into his pocket and climbed to the wagon seat.

The Owl followed.



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You can always be proud of your Kaynee Blouse—the trim shoulder line, the well set collar, the absence of dangling draw strings and the exclusive pattern which gives you that well-dressed look.

Only the best sunfast and tubfast materials go into Kaynee garments—the reputation of the Kaynee Company has been built on "quality."

All the better stores carry Kaynee Blouses.

"Let them grow up in Kaynee" Creepers, Undertogs, Pajamettes, Rompers, Wash Suits, Blouses, Shirts.

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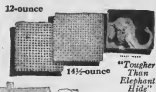
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All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tire is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.



One of the farm hands took the horses by the bridles and backed them out into the yard; the great doors rolled to behind them.

Not until the Animal had turned the wagon about did the Owl break his unaccounted silence.

"For the love of Mike," he ejaculated. "Is it real?"

The Animal drew the slip of paper from his pocket and handed it over without a word. The Owl scratched a match, and read:

Sweetwater National Bank
Pay to Order of Josiah Richards \$130.00
—Dollars.
Jason Benson.

"Animal," asked the Owl, "do you want to go into partnership with me? Together we can run the school."

"I'll think it over," replied the Animal condescendingly. "Now I've got to take a short cut across the fields and slip this under the Richards door, while you drive the team back to Lamb's."

"How did you work it?"

"Met Squire Benson down town after the Clan left the room. Took him out to Pike's Hill and told him the whole story. He's not so bad after all, he knew Richards couldn't meet his payment and was going to give him a six months' extension; besides, he paid me three and a quarter a barrel for them. Believe me, though, Owl," he continued, "the next time—"

"There won't be any next time," said the Owl gathering up the reins.

"You said it," replied the Animal as he hurried off in the darkness.

Photographic Contest

First Prize, J. G. Rogers.

Second for Nos. 3, 4, 5.

1. All in the Swim—Scout Henry W. Moore, Vicolia, Ga.
2. Fishing?—Yes, look!—Scout William Lashley, 61 Westwood Place, Asheville, N. C.
3. Crested flycatcher and English sparrow—J. G. Rogers, 2d, Daytona, Fla.
4. Flicker and Blue Jay—J. G. Rogers, 2d.
5. Merit Badge for fishing—Scout William Lashley, 61 Westwood Place, Asheville, N. C.
6. Just like going back to school?—Scout Camp, Mason City.
7. To help build our cabin—Scout Charles Wendling, 411 East 15th St., New York City.
8. Now, What's in That Jar?—J. G. Rogers, 2d, Daytona, Fla.
9. From the Pool to the School—John Barry Minor, Fleischmanns, Delaware County, N. Y.
10. The Grub Guard Toys a Drum Roll—Scout Wm. Squire, Box 56, Hiram, Ohio.
11. Meet Mr. Hawk—Chicken—Fancier—Alvin C. Drummond, Grant, Mich.
12. "Chick, Chick!"—Scout Norman Vogel, 385 Boulevard, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.
13. "Honolulu Has Nothing on Me."—Scout Robert W. Hill, 16 E. Church Street, Apartment 2, Jacksonville, Fla.
14. "And Plenty More Where They Came From"—Scout Rigby Herbert, Abbeville, La.
15. "I Wanna Join Scouts Too"—Scout John Wagner, 3733 Orpwood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
16. "Sure, I'm a Bear"—Scout John Wagner.
17. Is This "Tree of a Kind"?—Mr. C. E. Schurman, Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A., N. Y.
18. In India—S. Master H. R. Ferges, Boy Scouts, Dabra Dun, India.
19. All the Ways of Doing It—Carl B. Bauder, 1312 Second National Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.
20. Hip-Hip-Hooray!—George L. Clarke, 219 Blackstone Blvd., Providence, R. I.
21. "Wonder What These Boards Are For?"—George L. Clarke.
22. The Panama Hanta?—Al Doyle, Cristobal, Canal Zone, Panama.

RULES

1. Pictures must be related to scouting.
2. Photographs for any contest must reach the Editor at least two months in advance of the date of publication.
3. Name and address of sender should be written on back of picture. Do not send letters. Do not send negatives.
4. Pictures will not be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope or folder is enclosed.

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Concession Price, \$75
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Good Night, Knight

(Continued from page 10)

One of them picked up a big blanket and stepped back into the brush beside the road, while another swiftly coiled a long rope. The third crouched close to the road, balancing a club about the size of a baseball bat in his hands. Down the narrow road swung two horsemen, a pinto, easily distinguished from the bay horse in the moonlight, in the lead. Almost in a single file they came down the little hill, their horses walking heavily in the sand, and as they neared the mesquite clump the bay horse seemed to drop further behind.

Suddenly figures seemed to rise out of the ground beside the pinto, came a dull thud, and its rider swayed from the saddle. Hands caught and held the frightened pinto, while others swiftly rolled the body of its rider in the blanket and the roped figure was fastened securely to another horse, and then the Mexicans mounted their horses, which had been tied on the further side of the brush.

One of them spurred up to the man on the bay, and handed him an envelope.

"Nobody see, Pablo?" he asked. "Nobody," answered the other in Spanish, and the voice of Pedro broke into a sneering laugh.

"You pose" that letter to Jim Burns, Pablo. That letter say if he ever see red-head again he must pay beeg price. You stay here and see how things go, Pablo, and you get your share. Come to us in week in Poison Springs and we watch for you. Adios, Pablo. The red-head never kick nobody any more."

"Adios, Pablo," called another. "Fine scheme, eh? You will hear from us later." The three riders with their extra horse, filed out of the arroyo and faded out in the moonlight.

"Yes, I will—not!" chuckled Reddy Brant, throwing his sombrero off into the mesquite. "Ugh! Pablo's sombrero was lousy, I'll bet!"

"I hope he don't work that gag loose before they bit the Springs, and I'm betting them four Mexicans will never show their faces in Lemhi again," and he added, "to bother the princess."

He swung into his saddle and turned the pinto towards home.

"Paint, they said they'd wait their chance to get me, and I gave 'em the chance," he chuckled to the pinto, "I've got a note to Jim Burns, asking him to ransom my carcass, and there wasn't nobody hurt."

Next morning Jim Burns sang at the breakfast table. He swore happily at Sing Wah, who grinned delightedly and piled flap-jacks on Burns' plate.

"Second childhood!" snorted Wilton. "Get him a rattle next time he has a birthday. Cut it out, you dog-gone leaf-lard totem pole!" he yelled, when Burns attempted taking him across his knee.

Milton drifted out, grumbling about having to work for a half-grown grizzly with a perverted idea of humor, and Burns grinned and put his arm around Reddy's shoulders.

"Red feller," he said, softly, "they're going to get a new teacher for the Lemhi school."

Reddy dropped his fork and stared at Burns.

"Goin' to—what for?" he stammered, "Where is Miss Ashton going?"



When a Boy's a Man

He begins to shave. If he's a smart young fellow thinking for himself, he begins with a regular razor such as all barbers use. You never heard of a barber using any sort of razor except this sort, did you?

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"Not going, red feller—coming. She's coming out here . . . to . . . boss . . . the X. L. Sabe?"

"Coming out here to—" Reddy's voice trailed off to a whisper as the truth of it dawned upon him. She was going to marry Jim Burns!

He nodded, dully, picked up his fork and tried to eat. His mouth seemed dry, and he swallowed with difficulty.

"Well," grinned Burns, "ain't you got nothing to say? We're going to get married tomorrow night, Reddy. I'm going down there this morning, and I'd like to tell her something you said when you heard. She thinks a lot of you, red feller."

"Well," Reddy gulped and wrinkled his nose. "Well, Jim, you—you might tell her this: if them darn knights with their iron pants had lived in a half-breed country they'd all died bachelors."

"What do you mean, Reddy?" asked Burns.

"They'd a been too danged busy saving her for somebody else."

And Reddy walked straight to the bunk-house, got that book and went out to the corral. He stood in front of Julius Caesar, the old, gray, broken-eared burro, and showed him the book.

"Julius," he said, "take a look at the label on this book. See it? Well, it's all bunk, mule all . . . bunk."

And the gray burro nodded in agreement, and ate the pages of the book as fast as Reddy tore them out.

Canaries are Useful

UNCLE SAM has become appalled at the loss of life in mining. In 1910 our government established the Bureau of Mines to study means of guarding men against the dangers of mining. And what do you suppose is most useful as a lifesaver? The canary bird!

"Do you think twelve strong men need a canary bird for protection?" asked a leader of a rescue gang. Very often they do. After every mine explosion there is likely to be poisonous gas diffused in the air. It has no odor. "All I knew was my knees gave out and I fell," said one miner who was saved by his companions. The canary bird is affected much sooner than a man, and when he becomes restless or drops from his perch, it is time to seek fresh air.

Though the little bird is thus subjected to insensibility, it must not be thought that any cruelty whatsoever is practiced upon it. The effect of the gas, beyond rendering it insensible, is, as far as can be found from experiments upon men, not only painless but leaves no ill effects if the insensible one is restored within a short time.

Accordingly, the miners are provided with an air-tight oxygen cage. In the handle is a tank of compressed oxygen. As soon as the little bird falls insensible in his own cage, he is at once transferred to this oxygen cage and the life-giving gas turned in from the tank in the handle by means of a valve. It is said that the miners, when warned by the little bird that they have but five minutes before they themselves will fall insensible, never fail to stop and carefully put their feathered guardian into his oxygen cage, grateful for the warning without which their own lives would be lost.

Back in the Light

(Continued from page 15)

can feel it," was the repeated appeal, each time sounding a little more clearly.

Stones, rocks, boulders, were tossed aside until an overalled leg was seen wiggling in the small opening, like a big blue snake trying to crawl from a hole. Another heave of Billy's strong young back and the leg was revealed as far as the hip, with now but one huge slab pinning Caslik to the track. By a strange freak of luck the prostrate miner was not hurt. Still, he could not help to liberate himself until that slab, so firmly wedged above him, was raised on edge.

Could Billy do it alone? A dozen times he tried and each time gritted his teeth and said to himself, "I gotta, I've just gotta." He tugged, lifted and heaved, but to no avail. It did not budge. He decided to get something to act as a lever but, as he glanced around, a big, rugged, three-cornered rock slipped from the roof and crashed against his arm, ripping his jumper sleeve from shoulder to wrist-hand and sending him spinning to one side. The area around him seemed to tremble, while the ominous creaks and groans grew louder and louder.

Involuntarily he looked back in the drift as he scrambled to his feet and made out a myriad of dancing lights coming toward him. "Mr. Whylee and the timber gang," he muttered. "But they can't get here yet and—well, the chances are they'll be too late to give me a hand.

"Oh hurry, kid! Oh hurry!" Caslik's cry ended in a terror-stricken wail.

Billy's reply was not made in words but in action, as he found a good hand hold, closed his eyes and lifted. Lifted with all his strength and until fiery dots danced before his red face. Still the big slab did not move. Something must be wedging it down and he looked for the key-stone. He found it, only to discover that it was held firmly in place. It took him several seconds to knock that loose, then heave it out of the way.

BLOOD trickled down the back of his hand as he once more strained at the big gray slab which might shortly form part of a tomb. Small stones fell all about him now as if to remind him how little time was left. Again a larger piece would crash down, sending out a hollow, rumbling roar that floated back toward the rapidly approaching lights.

"Quick, kid! Quick, or I'm a goner," Caslik's voice had the note of despair as he screamed out, and tried to free himself.

Billy granted an answer while lifting, as he had never lifted before, in an effort to free the squirming form below him. Then his ears caught a confusion of sounds. At his feet, the terrified screams of Caslik; above, the creaking of the moving ground, while back in the drift Charley Whylee tearing along at the head of the timber gang, roared at the men to hurry.

Up moved the stone an inch at a time with Billy's jaws set, neck muscles bunched, and cheeks purple. A little more and it would balance on edge. But that little more almost made him groan.

A final desperate heave that once more caused the yellow dots to dance in front of his closed eyes, and Whylee, now but twenty paces away, saw the big gray slab balance on edge before toppling over. He saw Billy's fingers fasten into the collar of Caslik's jumper and a start made

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toward a place of safety. And then all hands caught the crackle of parting rock, heard the thunder of caving ground and felt the violent gust of air that blew out every light, plunging the drift into total darkness.

Had Billy been caught by the cave? Why, he asked himself the question a dozen times while his repeated calls to the boy were drowned out by the tremendous din ahead. His heart was in his throat as he scratched a match on his sleeve and by its first feeble rays tried to peer through the gloom for the few yards that lay between him and the two figures he had seen such a short time before. His hand trembled as he held the match to the candlewick, fearful of what would be revealed by its brighter gleam.

The wick blazed up and he cupped his hand behind it and his set eyes shifted in their sockets, for in the reflected light he made out Billy, crawling forward and dragging Caslik with him. A dozen willing hands rushed them out of danger before Why, after making sure that Caslik was not badly hurt, demanded an explanation. "Look here, you big plug, what do yuh mean?" "What he broke and tumbled to Billy." "What'll I do with him, Nipper? Fire him and then beat him up? Or just fire him?"

Billy's reply was not long in coming. First, though, he glanced at Caslik, whose color had already returned, then he looked into Why's determined face.

"Nether." And the timber gang, waiting for the youngster's next words, heard him say, as their candles lit up his steady blue eyes. "He's had his lesson, Mr. Why. I think that you will find him all right after this."

Why, after he had thought so himself, for the hard lines at the corners of his mouth quickly turned up in a smile. "Dad rat it, Billy, old sox, you've said it!"

Caslik felt exactly the same, for he grasped Billy's hand and with voice still shaky, broke out, "I'm much obliged Kid."

Why, let out a good natured whoop. "Bully for you, Jack," and motioned the timber gang into action.

Dead Cavalrymen

(Concluded from page 13)

port-hole. The acrid smell of powder filled his nostrils, a great weight was on his right thigh, paralyzing that limb.

Then he knew it could not be a dungeon because it was in motion, lurching and swaying in a most astonishing manner.

The sound of good old cockney English cheered him to a great hope. He raised himself on his elbow.

"Hello, Johnnie," spoke a familiar voice and there was Clancy, his arm in a sling, squatting beside him.

"Where in —?" began Hughes in amazement.

Clancy grinned. "'Sally in Our Alley' is her name, and she's a female tank," he answered the unspoken question.

Some of Hughes' old resentment returned. "Well," he challenged, "have you seen enough dead cavalrymen to suit you?"

"Faith," answered Clancy with a shake of the head, "I don't know about the dead ones, but there's so many live ones that even the tanks are going home in disgust."

Hughes looked down in content at the tourniquet that bound his bleeding limb. The cavalry had had its day at last.



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Official News

(Concluded from page 31)

boy's aid he succeeded in getting into the canoe where he lay flat and was paddled four miles across the bay to his home. He had previously given instructions to his companion to dash salt water in his face if he appeared to be getting faint which was done several times.

The surgeons who were called to treat the injury immediately upon the boy's being landed declined to touch the dressing, saying its effectiveness could not be improved upon and that had it not been for the boy's own remarkably intelligent and plucky treatment of his own injury he could not have lived to get home. He still carries the bullet but the doctors say he will soon be as good as new. I wonder how many grown people could have done as much for themselves as this thirteen year old scout was able to do. Not many, one ventures to think. Definitely, first aid training pays. To be prepared may mean the difference between life and death for yourself or somebody else.

Sticking to School

(Concluded from page 3)

and in our gallant allies of the Tri-color who speak it.

Another suggestion here. Have you thought of offering your services as scouts to your school principal for the conducting of fire drills and school yard clean-ups? Do not let the teachers forget there are scouts in their midst and that a scout can be counted on always for service of any sort. Above all do not give any teacher a chance to say, "Well, if he is a scout he certainly doesn't act like one!"

Unfortunately one un-scoutlike scout can do more damage by one thoughtless act than a dozen can repair in a month. Scouting carries with it its own obligations.

Reckoning Distances by Sound

Sound results from a body in vibration. In order that we may perceive a sound these vibrations must be transmitted to us.

Sound travels in gases, liquids and solids but not in a vacuum.

In air it travels beyond 340 meters a second; in water 1,360; in solids still greater distance. It can easily be seen that here is a useful element to estimate the distance to the place where one is standing to the visible object which produces a sound which one can hear: as for instance a shot-gun, the bannier of a forge, the bleat of a lamb, the whistle of a locomotive, the noise of a steamship or factory, etc.

A streak of light going 300,000 kilometers a second, one may judge that sound is produced at the same time as movement. We have seen that sound travels at the rate of 340 meters a second, if we calculate the number of seconds which pass between the instant when we see the movement and the instant when we hear the noise that it produces, and when we then multiply this number the second by 340 we have the distance between the object and ourselves.



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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

BOYS' LIFE

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Boy Scouts in the Wilderness

(Continued from page 25)

current of cool air chilled Dawson's bare skin, he began to toss uneasily. Finally with a grunt he turned completely over until his back was against the warm blanket. By this motion he exposed his throat and the boys could see the precious little bag.

The movement, however, had half aroused him. Joe lifted the outlaw's felt hat which lay beside him and began to fan the sleeper gently with it. As the little current of air cooled his hot face, the outlaw gradually relaxed until at last he was sleeping heavily as at first. Slipping out the piece of sharp flint which he carried in his pocket as a knife, Joe, with the utmost care, raised the little bag, at the same time pressing his finger lightly on the place where it had lain so that no difference in the pressure would awaken the sleeper. Then, with tiny strokes, he sawed away at the stitches until the bag's mouth gapped open.

Pressing it gently there slipped out into Will's outstretched hand something round and cool which even in the darkness showed shimmering and lustrous. Slipping the pearl safely into the pocket of his shirt Will followed Joe towards the doorway. Unfortunately, he turned slightly away from the direction which he had followed in entering and just as Joe had cleared the sleeping Indian at the door, Will stepped full on the outstretched foot of the half-breed who lay in the opposite corner.

THE man awoke with a yell and clutched at Will, who avoided his hands with a quick writhe of his body. Joe, at the first sound, leaped through the doorway and was safe outside. As Will reached the door the Indian sprang up, barring the way. Will stepped back and was suddenly seized around the waist by the sinewy arms of the half-breed. In vain he pulled and tugged desperately to get away. The shrill shouts of his captor aroused Dawson, who sprang up just as Will managed to get Brain-biter loose. With a quick, short-arm sweep Will brought the club down with a tremendous smash full on the forehead of the half-breed, who was holding him fast. The crash echoed through the little room, the straining arms relaxed and the man rolled over backward and lay like a log.

At that moment the Indian in front and Dawson from behind sprang at the boy. Only his football training saved him. The Indian tackled too high and Will dived underneath his outstretched arms and, with a wriggle and a rush, was through him and out the door into the dark before the men behind knew what had happened.

Down the long, dark trail the boys sped and in a second were out of sight in the blackness. Dawson wasted no time in pursuit. Standing in front of the cabin he whistled shrilly through his fingers until from far up the mountain-side the runners could hear the answering bay of the blood-hound pack which had been released to hunt on their own account that night. When once they returned pursuit was certain and the boys strained every muscle to get a good start and, if possible, reach the cabin and telephone for help before it was too late.

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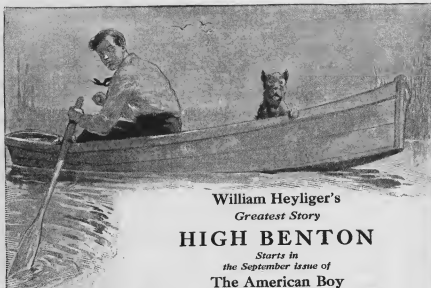
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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

BOYS' LIFE 200 Fifth Avenue, New York



As they sped down the trail the sky began to lighten in the east over the edge of Black Hill.

"Any way," gasped Will as he caught sight of the coming dawn, "we've won the land and the cabin for the troop. Yesterday was the last day."

"If we don't go faster," grunted Joe, "we'll never see the troop again. Those dogs getting very close."

Even as he spoke the howls of the hunting hounds behind rang out loud and louder. By the time the fugitives had covered another quarter of a mile, the baying of the pack was dreadfully distinct. The path at that point took a sharp bend and almost doubled on itself to skip a patch of marshy ground where a hidden spring had made a quagmire. Just beyond the bend the trail ran between two enormous white oak-trees. As they passed the trees, Will gripped Joe by the shoulder.

"We'll never get to the cabin before the hounds," he muttered. "Here's a good place to stand them off. They'll have to come around the bend in the open and we may cripple one or two of them before they get to close quarters."

"Spose men right behind them," returned Joe doubtfully.

"Then we'd go for," decided Will. "They'll pick us off with their rifles. That's a chance we'll have to take."

CROUCHING, each behind his tree, they recovered their breath for the coming struggle. Joe strung his bow, carefully, loosened the arrows in the quiver and placed his favorite on the string. Will chose his best throwing-stone, a well-balanced bit of heavy sharp-edged quartz.

The tense waiting strained the taut nerves of both boys almost to breaking. The sweat stood out on Joe's forehead in little beads while Will balanced Brain-biter first in one hand and then the other. The howl of the hounds came nearer and nearer. Suddenly it stopped. The pack knew by the fresh scent that their quarry was at bay. Both boys kept their eyes fixed on the trail some thirty yards below the bend. If the dogs showed there, they had a chance. If through the bushes appeared the heads of the men, it meant quick death for them both.

Far down the path they could hear the rapid padding of the feet of the hunting pack and soon the fierce sniffing of the leader nosing out the trail. A few seconds more and they would know what chance was theirs. Suddenly from out of the thicket shot the long fierce head of the bitch as silently, with flaming eyes, she followed the trail. At her shoulders showed the black forms of her whelps.

As the pack burst into the open, both boys stared with straining eyes into the thicket to see whether death was there. No sign or sound came from the bushes. Evidently the outlaws had allowed the pack to go on ahead at a pace which left them far behind.

Slowly Joe raised his great bow and drew the arrow until it was level with his breast. Just as the dogs reached the middle of the little clearing beyond the bend came the twang of the bow-string and a flash of light seemed to pass through the air. There was a gurgling howl as the sharp point pierced the neck of the second dog and lodged in the very center of the vital knot. The bound springing straight up into the air and fell back dead. At the same instant Will threw his jagged

throwing-stone at the other hound which had dropped back for an instant.

The stone buzzed through the air and, catching the dog's foreleg just below the shoulder-joint, snapped the bone like a pipe-stem. The howls of her wounded and dying whelps maddened the grim leader. With a roar she rounded the bend and with bristling hair rushed down the straight path at the boys. With all of his force Will brought the keen point of Brain-biter crashing into her skull just as Joe's warclub smashed down upon the black back. With one long howl the fierce beast stood motionless for a moment and then slowly toppled over on her side. Her death-cry was echoed down the trail by a furious shout from the men, who had been left far behind by their swift pack.

Without another look at the struggling bodies, the boys sprang from behind the trees and sped down the path at a tremendous pace, well-breathed by their rest. Still, however, their pursuers would probably have come within gun-shot if it had not been that they lingered over the hounds. The boys could hear as they ran the shrill voices of the half-breed and the deep curses of Dawson as they tried to save the dying dogs.

At last around a sudden bend the squat shape of the log-cabin showed ahead. The boys cleared at a bound the steps, fumbled for the key and in another minute they were inside with the door locked and barred with a huge wooden bar which fitted into heavy iron sockets set deep into the wall. Both the front and back windows were secured by thick wooden shutters.

Will seized the telephone while the crafty Joe started up the little stairs and unbarred the shutters of one of the windows which commanded the space just in front of the door and the two lower front windows. Opening another window at the back, he was in a position to bring his bow to bear upon anyone trying to break in either at the front or from behind.

In the room below Will clicked the telephone frantically while along the trail the voices of the outlaws came nearer and nearer.

"Hurry," he added, as he gave Mr. Donegan's number, "it's life and death."

"What do you want," sounded a gruff voice which could belong to no one but the lumber-king.

"This is Will Bright," came the answer. "Joe and I are in your cabin. We were caught by Scar Dawson and his gang, but we got away. They're coming now and I don't know how long we can hold out. Get some men and come as fast as you can. Say, Mr. Donegan," went on Will, and his voice shook a little, "if you don't get here in time tell my folks good-bye for me. Joe and I've won the cabin for the troop. We stuck it out and haven't spoken to anyone or been helped by anyone since we saw you."

Whatever might be said against the lumber-king's manners and temper, no one ever accused him of lacking energy and decision.

"Stand them off, my boy," he shouted back over the phone, and this time there was nothing gruff in his voice. "I'll pick up the sheriff and one or two others and break a world's record coming. Stick it out till we get there!"

To be concluded in October BOYS' LIFE

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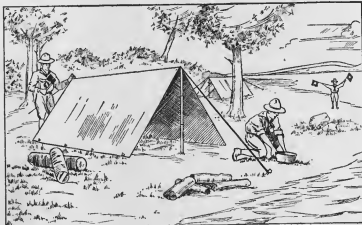


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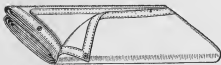
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517	Scoutmaster's Norfolk Jackets, extra quality 4.00
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519	Scoutmaster's Trousers, extra quality 3.00
508	Scoutmaster's Breeches, extra quality 3.00
523	Scoutmaster's O.D. woolen Norfolk Coat 14.00
523a	Scoutmaster's O.D. Woolen Service Coat, style 505 14.00
524	Scoutmaster's O.D. woolen Breeches 8.50
524a	Scoutmaster's O.D. woolen Trousers 8.50
595	Sweaters, O.D. Men's Regulation 5.00
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565	Mackinaws, O.D. 24-oz. cloth, sizes 34 to 44 chest 14.00

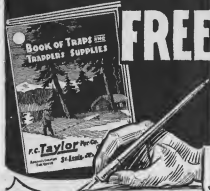
SUMMER UNIFORMS

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515	Shirts, light weight, cotton	1.75
511	Shorts, cotton (same as uniform)	1.50
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(Continued from page 28)

"Well," said Joe, "are you comin' along or are you goin' to mope around camp?" Bobby said that he'd go along.

AT 9 o'clock that night the rowboat slipped out of the inlet and turned downstream. Instead of using the oars in the locks, the twins paddled. Noiselessly they went along with the current. After a time they came abreast of the camp of Chester Troop. The scouts were slinging, the tree-tops on the bluff were pinkly illuminated by the light of the council fire, and now and then a shower of sparks rose toward the dark heavens. The twins brought the boat near the opposite shore.

"Might as well wait until they go to sleep," said Pete.

The river was dark and mysterious. The current lapped gently against the boat, and murmured in small splashes against the shore. Bobby began to grow restless and to regret that he had embarked upon the mission. Of course, they were going to pay for what they took, but this thing of sneaking out like thieves in the night—

"Fire's goin' down," said Pete. "Maybe they're gettin' ready to turn in."

But it was another half hour before the twins paddled the boat noiselessly across the stream and beached the boat a hundred yards from the swimming place. They feared to drag it part way from the water—it might be heard—so Joe rolled up his trousers, let himself overboard and partly lifted the stern. From under the bow seat Pete took a bag.

"You know this here place, Bobby," he whispered. "You make trail."

It seemed to Bobby, as he cautiously led the way, that the beating of his heart was loud enough to awake the countryside. The slightest noise was enough to bring them to a halt, their bodies tense, their ears strained. Crawling on all fours they slipped safely past the camp. Once they heard two scouts speaking, and stood like statues until the talking stopped. They came to a rail fence that bounded one side of the cornfield, and carefully helped each other over.

"Work fast," Pete whispered, "and don't make no noise. Hurry, now."

BOBBY took out his knife, reached for an ear, but could not cut it. They were paying, but— He was sick of the whole thing. Perhaps it wasn't stealing, but it looked like it, and his self-respect was gone.

"What's the matter with you, Bobby, you ain't gittin' no corn?" Pete hissed.

"I guess we's got enough," said Joe. "Where's them tomatoes?"

Again Bobby led the way, this time cautiously, for they were drawing near to the farmhouse. Picking the tomatoes was easy work, and soon they had enough. Pete took fifty cents from his pocket, wrapped it in paper and laid it between two rows.

"Say," said Joe, "ain't they got no melon patch? I'd like for to sink my teeth into a melon when we gets back to camp."

Bobby said there was a little melon patch near the house.

"Make trail, then. We can take the money up and chuck it near the door. Maybe they wouldn't find the money out here."

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Bobby drew back in dismay. He was sure that they had fifty cents' worth of vegetables already, and he wanted to get away. He wanted to be rid of the feeling that he was doing a sneaking, skulking, dishonorable act.

"Ain't we payin'?" cried Joe. Unconsciously his voice had risen. In the stillness it carried far. A moment later the door of the house opened and a shaft of light shot out into the darkness.

"I thought I heard somebody speaking," Mr. Joyce said. His wife stood beside him in the doorway.

"There can't be anything wrong at the camp," she argued. "Everything's dark over there."

Bobby's breath was coming in gasps. He could feel Pete's hand trembling on his arm.

"Anybody out there?" Mr. Joyce called. Silence.

And then a dog came out of the house, stretched, and disappeared into the darkness.

"I want to get out o' here," Joe whispered in alarm. "That there dog—"

The animal seemed to rush upon them out of the night. They saw its eyes gleaming, they heard its bark. Joe gave a shrill cry of fright.

"Farm thieves!" shouted Mr. Joyce. His voice became a roar. "Hi, there, scouts. Farm thieves. Stop them, stop them!"

A confused answering cry came from the camp.

THE three boys in the tomato patch rushed headlong for safety. One moment Bobby had Pete on his left and Joe on his right. The next moment they were gone, and he could hear them crashing across the cultivated fields. He was alone.

Lights had appeared in the camp. With a sudden sinking of the heart he realized that the boys of Chester Troop had got between him and the river. Behind him Mr. Joyce had been joined by the farm hands. He was in a trap.

There was only one thing to do—make a wild run for it and trust to luck. He swung to the left and plunged forward. A light bobbed ahead in his path. He swung to the right. There was another light. Somebody was coming toward him from the rear. All at once he lost his head completely and ran straight ahead.

"There goes one of them," cried a voice. "Get him."

A hand clutched at him. He beat it down. Something tripped him. He staggered on. Some one caught him from behind, held him, bore him down.

"I've got him," Tim Lally panted. Then a crowd was around him. A light was flashed in his face.

"Bobby!" cried Ritter. "Holy mackerel!"

"Bobby!" said Don; and at the way Don said it, the boy's head sank slowly to his knees. Tim took his hands away and he stood up surrounded by the amazed and stunned members of his Troop.

There was a bustle, a flash of more lanterns, voices, and Mr. Joyce and one of the farm hands emerged from the cornfield and bore him down upon the group.

"Got one of them, haven't you?" the farmer cried.

"This fellow's one of our scouts," said Don.

"Oh!" said Mr. Joyce in a tone of disappointment. "Caught one of your own

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crowd by mistake, eh? I guess they got past us. Well, they're making for the river. Maybe we can head them."

He hurried off through the darkness. Suddenly every scout heard the sound of oars being furiously rattled in their locks.

"They got away," said Ritter.

There was a moment or two of silence. Bobby's shoulders rose and fell in a convulsive sigh. Don touched him on the arm. "You can go and join your friends now," he said coldly.

"I—I don't want to," Bobby answered shakily. His voice all at once broke utterly. "I—I wanted to come back before I had been there three hours."

After that things happened too fast for his mind to grasp them all. Everybody seemed to be talking at once. He thought that Andy Ford said something about giving the kid another chance. And then his mind cleared. He was walking toward the camp. Don was on one side of him and Tim Lally was on the other side with an arm around his shoulders.

Something round and hard choked in Bobby's throat.

To be concluded in the October Boys' Life.

Uncle Sam's Toys

FEW people realize what a vast number of little known industries are carried on by the United States government. For instance, Uncle Sam runs a toy factory which devotes all of its time to turning out miniature models of American battle craft. In the Navy Department at Washington the collection of models is growing every year and it now shows the remarkable evolution in naval architecture.

Woodworking is only the basic craft involved. The cunning of the watchmaker is also in demand since the major part of the fittings are formed of metal. In the factory which makes them there are several unusually clever experts. For years, one old man made all the small ship's boats of little blocks of wood. The hulls of the models are made of white pine which has been seasoned for years and is the delight of the woodworker. The models are made of various planks carefully matched and glued together under pressure. The craftsman is obliged to select and adjust these tiny boards with minute care. Next he adds the other external features of the hull and designs portions of the superstructure. Then the model goes on to another artist who paints every tiny feature of the little dreadnaught to correspond with the regular fighting ship. He carries this matter of accuracy so far that the lines he draws upon the deck represent the planking faithfully in every particular. When his microscopic work is done the model goes to the jeweler machinists who have been building turrets, guns, searchlights, boat cranes, signal lights, masts and the multiplicity of other tiny features, each an exact copy of the real thing in its outward essentials and all of them made of white metal something like German silver.

The miniature guns, searchlights, etc. are more than rigid reproductions, having a certain power of movement. The tiny gear wheels and other fittings are duplicated by means of the watchmaker's glass. Each of these tiny mechanisms is placed without the variance of a hair's breadth where it should be and, when all of this is done with anchors and chains in place, the painter gives the last finishing touches.

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Under Two Eagles

(Continued from page 22)

having been seen to enter the estate. In the afternoon, Sointsev sent scouts forward to ascertain whether the adjoining estate was occupied by the enemy, and on their return we were ordered to proceed cautiously towards it.

We had barely reached it when a dozen or more dogs began to bark vigorously. A sky-rocket from the enemy's estate followed by another and then a third, told us that the dogs had reported our presence to the Huns. At the first flare, we led our horses into a stone building and ourselves lay prone outside ready for a possible attack.

A storm of machine-gun bullets struck a wooden building near where we were lying, indicating that the enemy's illuminations had disclosed our exact position.

As the enemy's aim became more accurate with each succeeding flare, we were ordered to change our positions constantly. This continued for nearly an hour, during which time we expected them to storm our estate at any moment, but it soon became evident that they had another plan in view. While the fire from the original direction was sustained, suddenly we were fired upon from the rear and from the left as well!

"Who will volunteer to get through and carry a message to our forces at Betigola?" Capt. Sointsev asked, after he had explained our predicament. "If we don't get help before morning we shall be annihilated!"

A dozen or more of us jumped forward.

"Gavrill Kolbin, we'll give you the honor. Step forward!"

He handed this trooper a note which he hastily scribbled, read it to him, and wished him good luck. Without another word, the soldier plunged into the darkness and disappeared from sight.

Shortly afterward, the enemy began to fire on us from the right flank. We were now completely surrounded. I was lying not far from our machine-gun and I heard one of the men remark that it would have been better for us if some of us had remained in the woods with the gun so that we could have bothered the Germans from two angles.

This idea seemed to me a good one. I suggested it to the commander.

"If you will let me take the machine-gun and some of our men to the right of the estate, Captain, we might surprise the enemy and perhaps have a chance to break through their cordon!"

He decided to give the plan a trial. From a dozen or more volunteers, he detailed ten men to go with me to put it into execution. Stassie was one of the party.

The captain ordered our men to cease firing for a full minute and then to resume for two minutes, following this schedule four times. After the fourth spell of firing, we were to move over rapidly to the right and to set our machine-gun several hundred yards nearer the enemy.

Fortunately for us, this maneuver was carried out without discovery, the enemy's flares having ceased temporarily. We were no sooner located in our new position than Stassie suggested that if we would obey his orders, he would show us a way to break through the German

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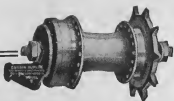
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line and get through to the woods in safety.

He lit a match under his overcoat, placed three Russian cigarettes in his mouth and lit them, inhaling so that he produced a considerable flare. Then he disappeared in the darkness, with the parting injunction to make our dash for the forest when he fired his revolver four times.

A MOMENT later, about one hundred and fifty yards nearer the German lines, we observed a strange movement of a red flare in the air. It was like a huge firefly flying in circles, only it travelled faster than any fire-fly. The Germans must have noticed it too for they ceased firing—undoubtedly suspecting a trick on our part. Then came four pistol shots in quick succession, and we dashed for the woods.

We got our machine-gun to work without delay and fired our rifles as fast as we could pull the triggers and reload.

Our ruse worked. The men who had surrounded the estate, surprised by the fire from the woods and thinking we had received reinforcements, ran for their estate, dozens of them being caught, however, by our machine-gun fire. The rest of our squadron seized the opportunity to escape from the estate, mounting their horses and dashing for the woods where we were already safely sheltered.

But where was Stassie? I was so sure that he had paid with his life for the trick which had saved the squadron that I voiced my fear to the soldier who was manning the machine-gun. Before he could answer, a voice from the darkness cried:

"Stop the shooting a moment—and give me a chance to get out of this hole!"

We stopped our fire immediately and Stassie came running toward us. He had spent half-an-hour in a hole half-filled with mud and water and he was soaked through. The tips of his fingers had been burned by the cigarettes he had used as a torch, but otherwise he was unharmed.

A canvass of our members revealed that eleven of us were wounded and five were missing.

IN the morning we were ordered to resume our attack, but when we came to the edge of the woods we observed that it was in flames.

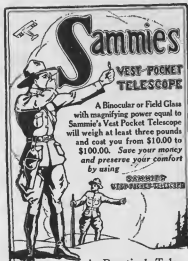
Half of our number was ordered to take possession and the other half to re-occupy the estate we had held the night before. I was among the latter and when we got to the scene of our last night's battle, we searched for our missing. We found two of them dead and two more badly wounded, but the fifth we could find nowhere, and we assumed that the poor fellow must have been captured. Our horses were where we had left them and unharmed, although the stone building was fairly plastered with bullets.

Ten of our men were assigned to carry our wounded to Betlgola and the rest of us took the road in our usual formation.

Five miles along the road we came to another estate which we occupied, and Stassie and I were detailed to establish a listening post about half a mile up the road that night.

When we reached the spot indicated, Stassie suggested that we dig a trench.

"It would be better for our health—and besides our forms might mar the beauty of the scenery!" he declared—a sentiment in which I readily concurred.



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Our trench dug, we made ourselves as comfortable as we could, but a cold wind blew up and it began to rain again. We were soon drenched to the skin.

"Better get a little sleep, Paul!" Stassie suggested, "you look dead!"
"I feel it, but how about you?"
"Well, I won't be far away—sleeping, perhaps, in a more comfortable place."

I MAY have dozed off, but I kept one eye and both ears open most of the time, and suddenly I heard a noise from afar like the motor of an aeroplane. I thought at first that I was dreaming, but the noise came nearer and nearer as though the machine were coming our way. I jumped towards Stassie, who was sound asleep in the trench and shook him.

"Stassie," I yelled, "Isn't that an aeroplane?"

"Sure it's an aeroplane, you idiot!" he answered, turning over on his side and closing his eyes again. "I brought one along on my horse."

The motor was now too plain to be mistaken, however, and Stassie jumped to his feet.

"By Jove, Paul! You're half-right, but your aeroplane is a motor-cycle—a German motor-cycle, too! It's good for about two minutes more and then—pff!" and with a snap of his fingers he indicated the fate that was in store for the oncoming machine.

With his overcoat, his ammunition belt and mine he formed a rope, from which he hung our rifles and other equipment, except our revolvers, and taking one end of the improvised barricade he crossed to one side of the road and told me to take the other end and go to the other side.

"Now then, Paul!" Stassie whispered, "hold on for all you're worth!"

When the machine was almost on us, Stassie yelled:

"Careful there, or you'll bust your machine!"

The next instant the belt was jerked out of my hands, the motor-cycle skidded across the wet road, and I was flung to the gutter.

I got up quickly and rushed towards Stassie who was being pounded by the two Germans as hard as they could work their fists. In the excitement, I forgot my revolver, and jumped into the melee swinging at the Huns as hard as I could with my fists.

One of the Germans stopped pounding Stassie long enough to grab me by the leg and down I went. He pulled me towards him and drawing back his arm aimed a blow at my face. If he had landed, I am sure he would have knocked my nose clear through the back of my head, but I drew up my right leg and kicked him in the stomach, and then, with my left knee, caught him a terrific blow on the side of the head, and he fell backward unconscious.

MEANWHILE, Stassie had succeeded in seizing the other fellow by the throat, and the next instant, a flash from a revolver reminded me of my own, but when I reached for it I found it was gone. A second flash revealed Stassie still holding his prisoner and, with his revolver, covering the other fellow who was just recovering from the stunning blow I had given him.

Then a squad of our men arrived, attracted by the shots, and we got a chance to breathe.

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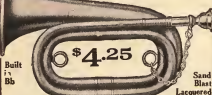
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Brought before Captain Sointsev, the Germans admitted, through me as interpreter, that they had been on their way to the estate from which we had driven the Germans the night before, and that large enemy forces were on their way to meet ours.

The following morning, we started off again. A couple of Cossacks who overtook us told us that some 10,000 of our men were in the vicinity and that, in all probability, our squadron would be sent back to rest-billets, as our services would no longer be needed. That was the first cheering news we had received in many days.

We soon received word to turn back, and after riding some ten minutes we ran into the advance-guard of the forces the Cossacks had referred to.

A little further on we met the general of the corps and his staff, to whom our commander gave a report of our work and who then reviewed us.

FOR the next four miles, we passed one continuous column of infantry and cavalry on their way to the front. Following them came the machine-gun corps, the engineer corps, the light artillery and then some more infantry, a Red Cross Unit, an aeroplane corps, telegraph and telephone companies, kitchens and food transports, and other military units.

At length we reached Betigola, where we spent five memorable days, although our pleasure was somewhat clouded by the fact that our commander, Captain Sointsev, was retired on account of ill-health.

Our company commander, Porutich Panusev, was promoted to the captaincy of the squadron, and was succeeded by a young fellow fresh from an officers' school—Porutich Lavronsev. He did not look to be more than 18 years of age, and we felt that it was influence that had secured him the position rather than merit.

We really had a very good time, and felt particularly happy and care-free because we had drifted through to us that our forces had captured the town of Rossley, driving the enemy back seventy miles and capturing many prisoners, a number of whom we saw passing through Betigola.

With these reports to cheer us, we were quite at a loss to understand a terrific cannonading which broke out the last night of our furlough and which shook our building to its foundations. We finally concluded that it must be from our own guns firing at airplanes.

During the night, we were awakened again, however, several heavy explosions coming one right after another.

Suddenly there came a drilling sound, a loud buzzing and shrieking, and a shell flew right over our heads and exploded on the other side of the village. Another landed a moment later in about the same spot. Then came a third, which exploded right in the center of the village.

We were being bombarded!
To be Continued in the October Boys' Life

SCOUT WALLACE WOOD, of Emerson, Arkansas, boasts that about eight miles from his home is a tree which was planted by Andrew Jackson on his march to New Orleans in 1815. The general stuck his riding stick in the ground as he stopped for water, and left it there. Now it is a tree 30 feet high with a trunk 4 feet in diameter.

On Nature's Trail

(Continued from page 29)

are also many common shrubs of which the leaves, if eaten, produce unpleasant results. Among these are the common privet, the elder, holly and laburnum.

Plane tree leaves will cause in some people an illness resembling a bad attack of hay fever, and this not through chewing, but merely handling them. The eyes become red and swollen, while nose and throat are sore and inflamed.

Quite a number of plants are possessed of short hairs on their stems or leaves, which will cause a rash to break out upon sensitive skins. One such is the Primula obconica, which is one of the commonest pot plants in greenhouse or on window-sill.

Bulbs of the Roman hyacinth are covered with a sort of light scale, which comes off on the hands and sets up an unpleasant irritation which sometimes spreads up the arms.

Many who work in conservatories or glass houses often find that hyacinths cause severe eye trouble. The idea is that the pollen is the irritating cause.

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In every case the article advertised is first submitted for examination. An advertiser that all claims made with reference to it are as represented.

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